





"KEEPING WATCH"

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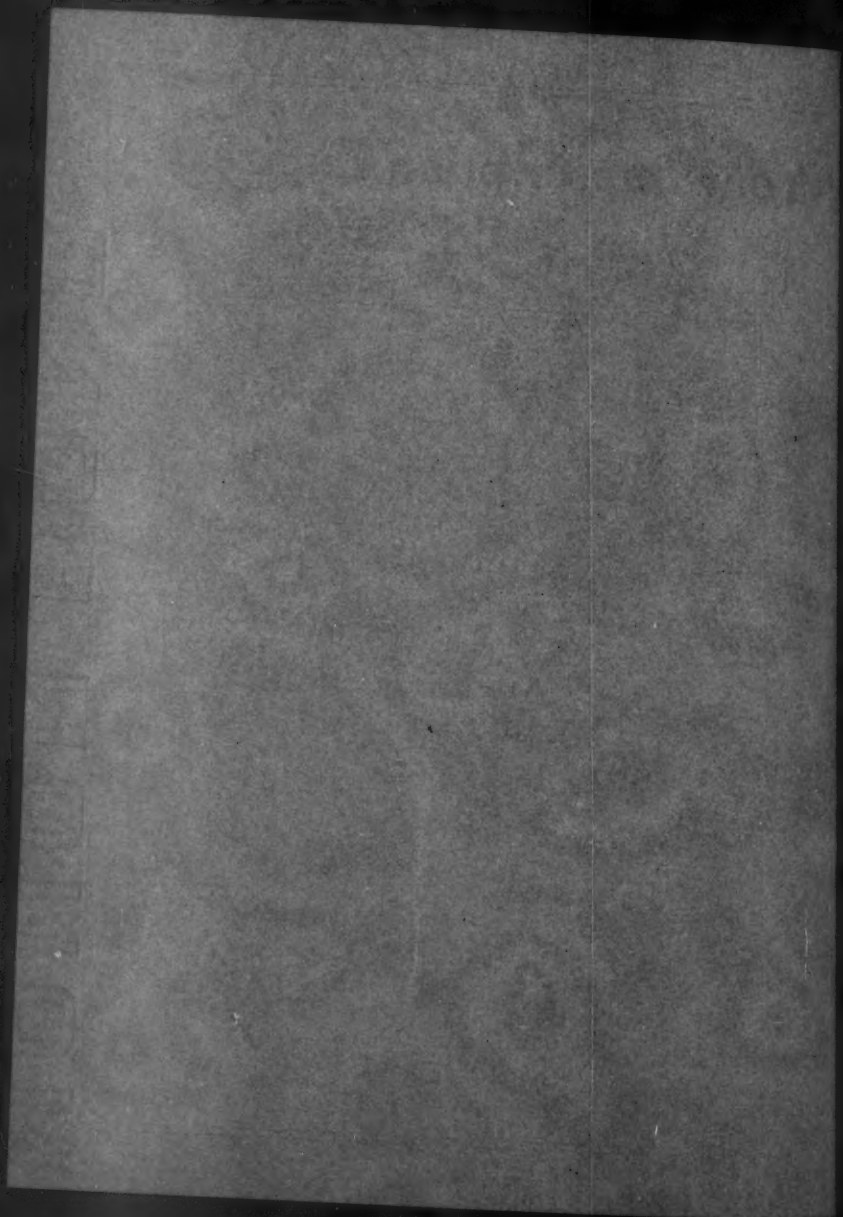
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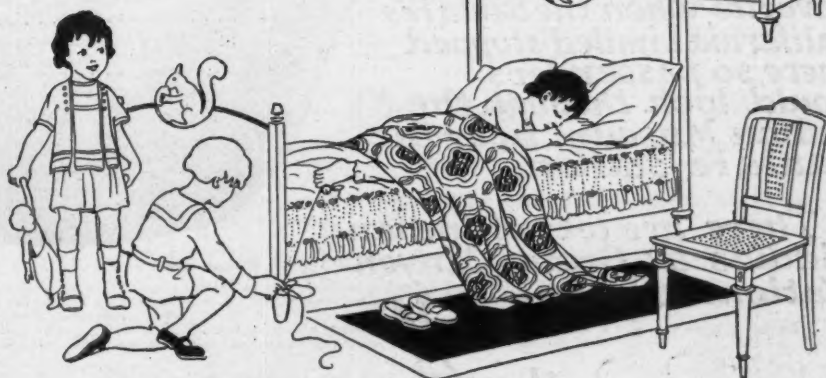
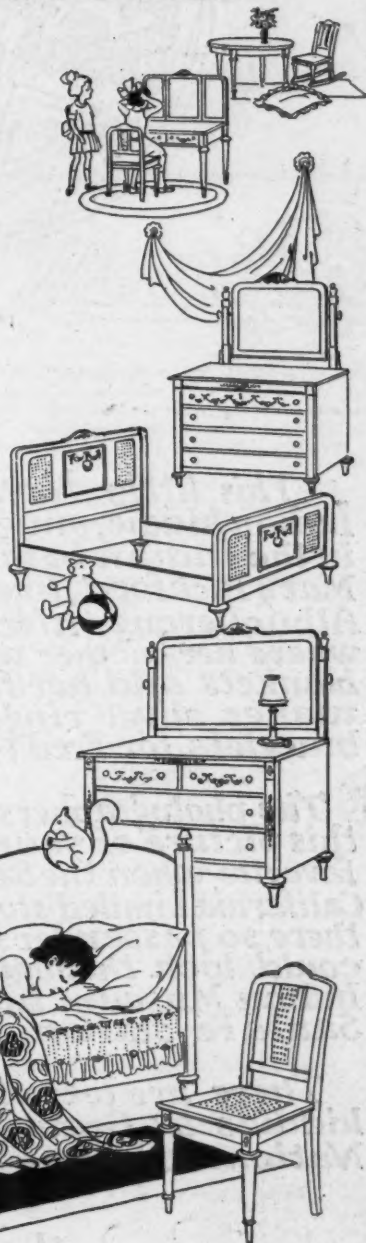
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# CHILDREN'S FURNITURE

*Now see the Little Mischiefs,  
They're up to Naughty Pranks,  
Without a Care or Worry,  
About Mamma's Little Spanks,  
They love their Little Brother,  
But they cause him lots of woe.  
Won't Jack-a-Boy be funny,  
With a bed tied on his toe.*



*55 Years of Good Furniture*

**John M. Smyth Company**  
Established 1867 *Madison and Halsted*  
MANUFACTURERS - RETAILERS - IMPORTERS

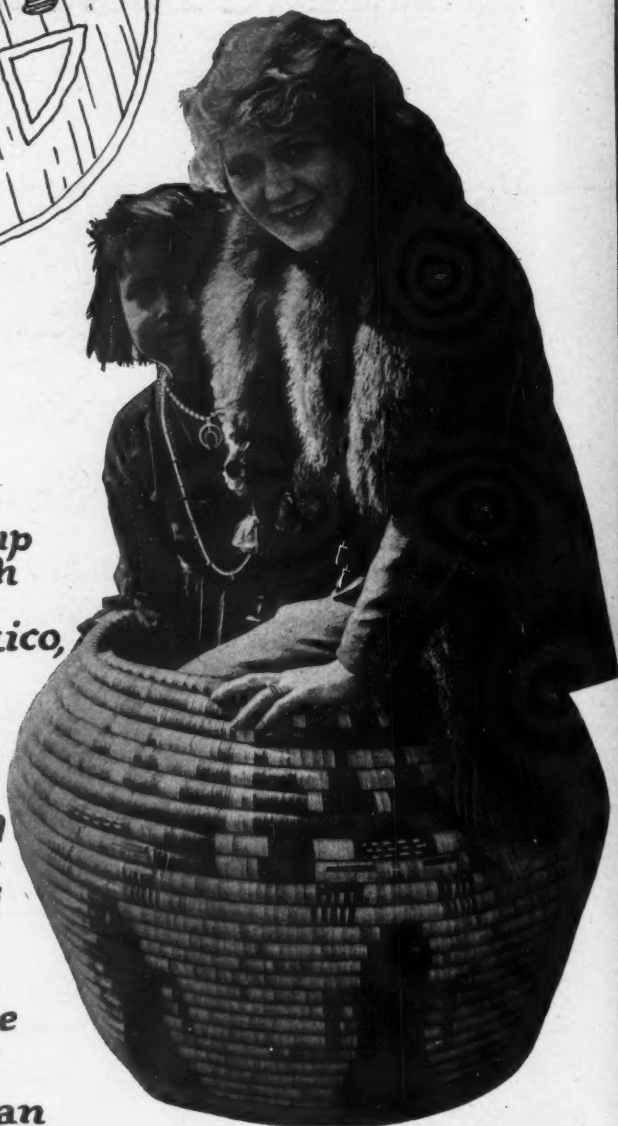




***This little Navajo Indian kiddie, snuggled-up in the Indian basket with Mary Pickford, lives at Albuquerque, in New Mexico, where her mother weaves blankets and her father makes silver rings and bracelets for Fred Harvey.***

***The photographer snapped this picture of your film-favorite, when the Santa Fe's California Limited stopped there, so passengers could look through the Indian Museum near the Santa Fe station.***

***There are lots of Indian kiddies at Grand Canyon National Park.***



Mr. W. J. BLACK  
Pass. Traf. Mgr., Santa Fe System Lines  
1125 Railway Exchange, Chicago

Please mail to me following Santa Fe booklet:  
California Picture Book. Grand Canyon Outings  
Also details as to cost of trip.

**tell your daddy  
to mail  
this**

# For Christmas Selections

These Exquisite Playthings  
Are Presented

## The Merri-Go



THE endless enjoyment of a merry-go-round needs no introduction to any parent or child. The big problem has been to build a merry-go-round which will stand hard usage without breaking down. The Merri Go is literally built like a freight car throughout. In addition to its sturdy construction the rotating part rests on strong ball bearings. This feature alone makes possible at last a merry-go-round on which children can really ride rather than devote most of their time to pushing.

You will find it extremely difficult to select a child's plaything which will give more constant healthful exercise and entertainment than the Merri Go.

Consider the advisability of buying fewer toys of less merit and supplying a Merri Go in their place. The final cost will be about the same.



This handsome dining room furniture is big enough for serving real meals, if desired. This table with its chairs can be had in either blue, gray, or ivory enamel finish.

Here again is a child's plaything that will outlive many years of constant use without breakages which cause annoyance, inconvenience and an added cost for repairs.



This beautiful set of leather upholstered juvenile furniture is another Lehman plaything which is proving wonderfully popular. Its sturdiness of construction makes possible a set of furniture which will remain in perfect condition throughout the years to come. This handsome living room suite is upholstered in either black or Spanish Chase leather, and the frame is finished in mahogany.



You don't have to wait for snow to go coasting on this Koaster Slide. In the house or out of doors it works the same. The Koaster Cart itself runs so easily that you roll quite a long ways after you leave the slide.

## Playthings That Last

The playthings described on this page comprise only a part of the Lehman line of "Playthings That Last." It has long been the aim of this organization to produce playthings for children which will actually prove a permanent addition to a list of toys in any home.

We believe a plaything that is worth making at all is worth making right. That is why you will profit by looking for the Lehman name on toys you purchase.

### The Toy Store in Your City Probably Carries Lehman Playthings

You will find Lehman toys are sold in many toy stores and toy departments of Department Stores. However, it is possible that you are not offered a selection of the Lehman Line of "Playthings That Last" in your own city. If so, we ask that you deal with us direct, mailing the request blank shown below.

Christmas will soon be here. Consequently, we urge you to communicate with us early, in order that we may supply complete information and prices either on the entire Lehman Line or covering particular playthings illustrated here.

**Deliveries Promised for Holiday Use**

## The Lehman Company of America

CANNELTON, INDIANA

THE LEHMAN COMPANY OF AMERICA, Cannelton, Indiana

Gentlemen:-

Please forward at once complete information covering the Lehman Line of "Playthings That Last," including prices. I have written in the margin below the name of the concern in our city who I believe should sell Lehman Playthings.

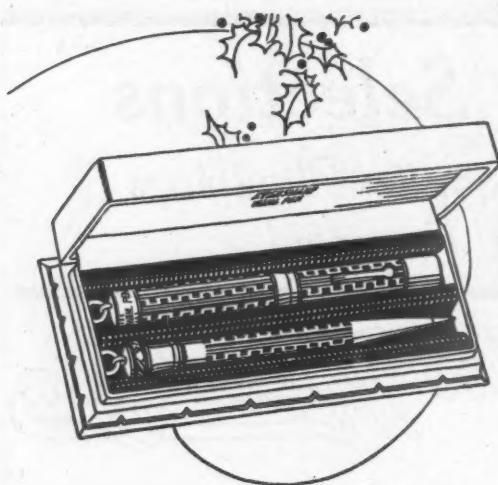
My name is .....

My address is .....

City .....

State .....

CL-D



# Gifts

## \$1 to \$50

The gifts of *perfect writing* are here; at your price—in one perfect quality—in many forms of beauty—and with a name that is known wherever people write.

Give EVERSARP—and your gift is supreme in quality; no other pencil has the exclusive rifled tip that keeps the lead from wobbling. Even if he has an EVERSARP, give him another for his watch chain or for desk use. Ladies, from fourteen up, wear EVERSARP on a ribbon, chain, or cord, for convenience and style.

Give WAHL PEN to match EVERSARP. The indestructible all-metal barrel of WAHL PEN holds more ink, positively prevents leaking and will last forever. The iridium-tipped point writes as smoothly as a 2B lead. Priced as low as \$4.

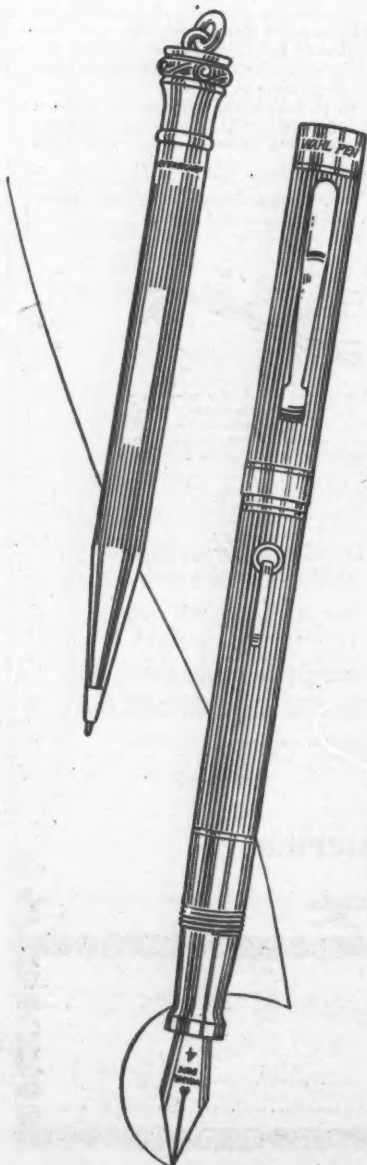
WAHL PEN and EVERSARP make superb presents, singly, or matched in engraved designs, in velvet-lined Gift Boxes. See them at your dealer's.

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Canadian Factory, THE WAHL COMPANY, Ltd., Toronto

# EVERSHARP

*matched by*

# WAHL PEN





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# Mellin's Food Babies



Neva Lee Ross,  
Lincoln, Neb.

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Eakridge, Kansas.



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Cambridge City, Ind.

Mellin's Food and milk has raised thousands of bright and healthy babies.

*Write for a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food and our helpful book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants."*

Mellin's Food Company,

Boston, Mass.



AT GRANDMOTHER'S  
the JELL-O hour

**I**T'S fun to go to Grandma's; I help to milk the cows  
By keeping off the gnats and flies with waving, leafy boughs.  
I feed the geese and chickens, and climb the apple trees;  
I range the clover fields and chase the butterflies and bees.  
When Grandpa comes for dinner, we have a rough-house play  
Till Grandma shows us what's dessert, and then we shout "Hurray."  
For well she knows that JELL-O is good for me and you,  
And when my Grandpa takes some more, he gives me plenty, too.

#### YOURS FOR THE ASKING

**T**HERE are six pure fruit flavors of JELL-O: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Chocolate. The new JELL-O Book, just out, is more beautiful and complete than any other issue. It will be sent free, but be sure your name and address are plainly written.

*America's Most Famous Dessert*

**JELL-O**  
THE GENESEE  
PURE FOOD COMPANY  
Le Roy, N. Y.  
Bridgeburg, Ont.

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# What Red Blooded American Can Resist These Tales of Indians, Scouts, and Wild Animals?

You, as Well as Your Boy or Girl of 6 to 16, Will Revel in the Stories and Craft of That Marvelous Hunter, Naturalist, Scout, and Story-Teller—Ernest Thompson Seton. Here's a Free Approval Offer on Six of His Best Books. Send No Money.

EVERY red-blooded American whether aged six or sixty—will be tremendously interested in the wonderful opportunity here offered.

Did you, you older "boy or girl," ever get enough of the fascinating lives, experiences and adventures of the wily but brave Indian and the clean-hearted, daring scout? Wouldn't you just love to sit down this very evening and listen to one who can tell wonderful Indian tales by the hour—who can teach you in the most delightful and interesting manner everything there is to know about the ways of the wily woodsman, the wild life of the forest and field, the characteristics and identifying marks of all the different wild animals and trees and plants, the mystery of the guiding stars—woodcraft, camp craft, Indian and scout craft?

## Marvelous Woodcraft and Animal Lore!

The six fascinating volumes of Ernest Thompson Seton here offered are "red meat" for every live boy or girl, from the littlest to the most grown-up. For the Boy Scout and the younger boy-scout-to-be they are indispensable. In "The Book of Woodcraft" are all the things every first-class scout must know, and a thousand more which will enable him to win at least three extra merit badges. Mr. Seton is not only a wonderful scout, but he knows more about the Indians than probably anybody else in the world—and they are the original scouts. He gives you all their knowledge, all their tricks, all their ways of doing and making things—even their songs, dances

and games—and adds many a camp fire story of their hair-raising adventures and fights.

For the littlest boys there is in "Woodland Tales" a whole book of absorbing fairy-stories of the forest and field—stories that make Nature live as only a true Nature-lover can make her live, who sees in every little animal and plant a real being, with all the joys and sorrows the little ones can best appreciate.

They'll just love to hear "How the Mouse-bird Made Fun of the Brownie." "Why the Chickadee Goes Crazy Twice a Year,"

"About Orion the Hunter and His Fight with the Bull," and "How the Pine Tree Tells Its Own Story." And in the book, "Wild Animal Ways," there is the story of Coaly-Bay, the Outlaw Horse, and Way-Atcha, the Coon-Raccoon of Kilder Creek, and many others that will fill many an hour before bedtime.

I am afraid you all will be very jealous of the "Two Little Savages," as Mr. Seton tells about them. These two boys managed to get off into the woods alone and live exactly like Indians. They really did all the enviable things every boy wants to do—lived alone—hunted and fished and fended for themselves in every way—and had the greatest fun.

"Wild Animals at Home" is natural history at its very best. Mr. Seton holds high rank as a naturalist, but he is much more than a scientist—he loves everything the animals do, and stops in the midst of his scientific description to tell you all sorts of stories about the animals—stories often far more interesting than the science.

Finally in "Rolf in the Woods" Mr. Seton relates the life of a real boy-scout, with his friend, the Indian Quonah, and the little dog, Skookum. Rolf lived back in the stirring times of the war of 1812, and acted as a scout in that war. Gee, they certainly had the most wonderful time—you'll wish you had been there.

All six of the books are profusely illustrated by the author's own skillful pen and brush. The illustrations in the "Book of Woodcraft" show graphically among other things how to lay a fire, how to build a boat, Indian signs, animal foot-prints, signalling, knots—500 different subjects.

## An Unusual Offer—For a Limited Time

These are not ordinary books. A new achievement in the art of book-making—the wonderful alchemic gold process—has made possible a binding that conforms most appropriately to the cheery, companionable style of writing and permits stamping in gold on the very covers unique pictures drawn by Mr. Seton which tell a fascinating story even before the book is opened. And the insides are printed on rich, soft paper, in clear, open type, with deep, generous margins.

For the first time in years it is possible to get beautiful books like these, by a famous living author, at a remarkably low price. The edition is limited, however, and unless we miss our guess, will be quickly sold out. TODAY is the time to order if you want to benefit by this special price. Don't wait until the edition is gone. There are only a few, and they must go to those who order first.

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Just fill out and mail the coupon and we will at once send the complete set on approval. Keep the books for five days. Read as many as you like of the delightful stories and the interesting things to do and make. Then decide whether or not you wish to keep them. But don't decide until you have first examined the books in your own home for five days FREE.

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Please send me for FREE examination the 6-volume set of Ernest Thompson Seton. I will return them within five days if I am not entirely satisfied. Otherwise I will remit \$1.00 within five days and \$2.00 a month for only five months thereafter, in accordance with your special low price, or claim a 5% discount for cash in full.

Name.....

Address.....



# The Child Who Won the Hearts of All

A true-life story, showing how a woman successfully dealt with the responsibilities of motherhood and brought up a child whom everyone admired.

A BEAUTIFUL and wonderful experience it was to see the growing-up of little Judith. The pink chubby tot with her gurgles of delight tugged at the heart-strings of everyone who saw her. As babyhood grew into girlhood, all the lovable traits and good qualities which parents hope their children will have seemed to be combined in little Judith.

The joy of it all was the mother's friends were as completely captivated by the charms of Judith as was the mother herself.

One bright day, while taking my morning walk in the park, I found Judith and her mother playing hide-and-seek. Judith's mother and I sat down on the grass for a visit—and Judith played around.

We talked about the child. As I watched her playing around I thought of the tremendous responsibility of the mother. I asked her how she had met it. And this is what she told me:

"When Judith was born, my first feeling was one of utter helplessness. I knew nothing about caring for a child. I was afraid that I might do the wrong thing. I wondered if other mothers had had that same haunting fear for their child's welfare.

"Never shall I forget the day when my helplessness overwhelmed me. Judith was just old enough to begin to notice things and to ask questions.

"I had corrected her for

striking me in the face with a ball. I went to get the ball and had my back to her for a moment. As I turned around, there was Judith, in an attitude of defiance, making a face at me!

"For a moment I couldn't move nor speak. Was it possible that Judith didn't love me and had lost confidence in me?

"For days I struggled with the problem. I realized that something had to be done, and done quickly.

"By good fortune I learned of The Parents' Association, formed for the purpose of giving the very information I was seeking. I wrote and

learned about the new method of Child Training prepared by Professor Beery, President of the Association.

"The help I immediately received came as a revelation to me.

"From that day on my whole method of dealing with Judith was changed. Methods I had been using were entirely wrong—my heart was torn with remorse. Was it possible that I had been guilty of a terrible injustice to Judith—that through ignorance I had deliberately destroyed the best in her character and had fostered bad habits and tendencies that might always remain with her.

Professor Beery's new method explained how best to overcome the faults of early training.

"These revelations gave me a most wonderful feeling of confidence. I learned how to control Judith—to break naughty little habits just taking root, and to nourish the sweet ways which everyone loved. I give full credit to The Parents' Association and its remarkable new method."

## Fulfilling the Sacred Trust of Parenthood

THERE is no greater responsibility in the world than that of being a parent. A child is what its parents make it. Heredity, environment and education all count, it's true. But all these points are as nothing compared with the right training in a child's tender and flexible years.

To love and cherish one's children is the joy of parenthood. But something more than love is due a child. And this is the right training—training that builds sturdy health of body, fineness of mind, nobility of character.

Today The Parents' Association is bringing a great constructive help to 30,000 members in the attainment of this high ideal of parenthood.

To know that the training you are giving your children will bring forth the finest and noblest in their character—to be sure that you are fitting them for the highest success in life—to be proud of them and to know that they are proud of you, that their hearts will be filled with gratitude for the advantages you have given them—that is what The Parents' Association may mean to you as a parent, as it has to so many others.



Now for the first time there is a scientific method in child training, founded on the principle that confidence is the basis of control. This new system shows you how in your own home to correct the cause of disobedience, wilfulness, untruthfulness and other dangerous habits which, if not properly remedied, lead to dire consequences. This new method removes the cause—not by punishment or scolding but by confidence and cooperation along lines which are amazingly easy for any parent to apply instantly—whether the child is still in the cradle or is eighteen years old.

It does not deal in generalities. It shows by concrete illustrations and detailed explanations exactly how to meet every emergency.

## A New Method Built on the True Child Nature

THE Parents' Association, devoted to scientific child training, was founded by Professor Ray C. Beery, A.B., M.A., (Harvard and Columbia), after years of scientific research and practical experience in child training. Professor Beery is regarded as one of the greatest authorities on child training.

And because his method is founded on a sound, basic truth, it is simplicity itself. It makes it easier to have your children all that you desire them to be—obedient, unselfish, well-bred, and truthful rather than disobedient, selfish, rude, disrespectful, secretive and untruthful.

Bringing up children need no longer be a trial, but a supreme pleasure—a beautiful experience in which the parent shares every confidence, every joy and sorrow of the child, and at the same time has its unqualified respect.

## Send No Money

We shall be glad to send you free of charge our new booklet "New Methods in Child Training," together with full particulars of the work of the Association and the special benefits it offers to members at an expense which is trifling as compared with the remarkable results to be secured.

For the sake of your children, and for your own sake, write for this free booklet now—before you lay this magazine aside.

If this booklet answers only a few of the questions that have perplexed you, you will be glad that you sent for it—and it may open to you undreamed of possibilities of successful parenthood. And it is only a matter of sending the coupon or a post card.



THE PARENTS' ASSOCIATION, Inc.  
Dept. 9612 Pleasant Hill, Ohio

## FREE BOOK COUPON

THE PARENTS' ASSOCIATION  
Dept. 9612, Pleasant Hill, Ohio

Please send me your booklet "New Methods in Child Training," and information about The Parents' Association, free of charge. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

## WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW HOW—

to obtain cheerful obedience always?  
to correct mistakes of early training?  
to keep child from crying?  
to suppress temper in children without punishment?  
to succeed with child of any age without display of authority?  
to discourage the "Why" habit in regard to commands?  
to prevent quarreling and fighting?  
to cure impertinence? Disrespect? Sauciness?  
to teach unselfishness? Carefulness? Fairness?  
to teach child self-control?  
to cure a child of the habit of whining?  
to keep a boy at home in the evening?  
to cure a child of saying, "I don't want to"?  
to teach a child to go willingly to bed?  
to treat a child who laughs at commands?  
to overcome obstinacy?  
to cultivate mental concentration?  
to teach honesty and truthfulness?

There are only a few of many questions explained in a way that makes application of the principles involved easy.



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## *Kaynee Suits*

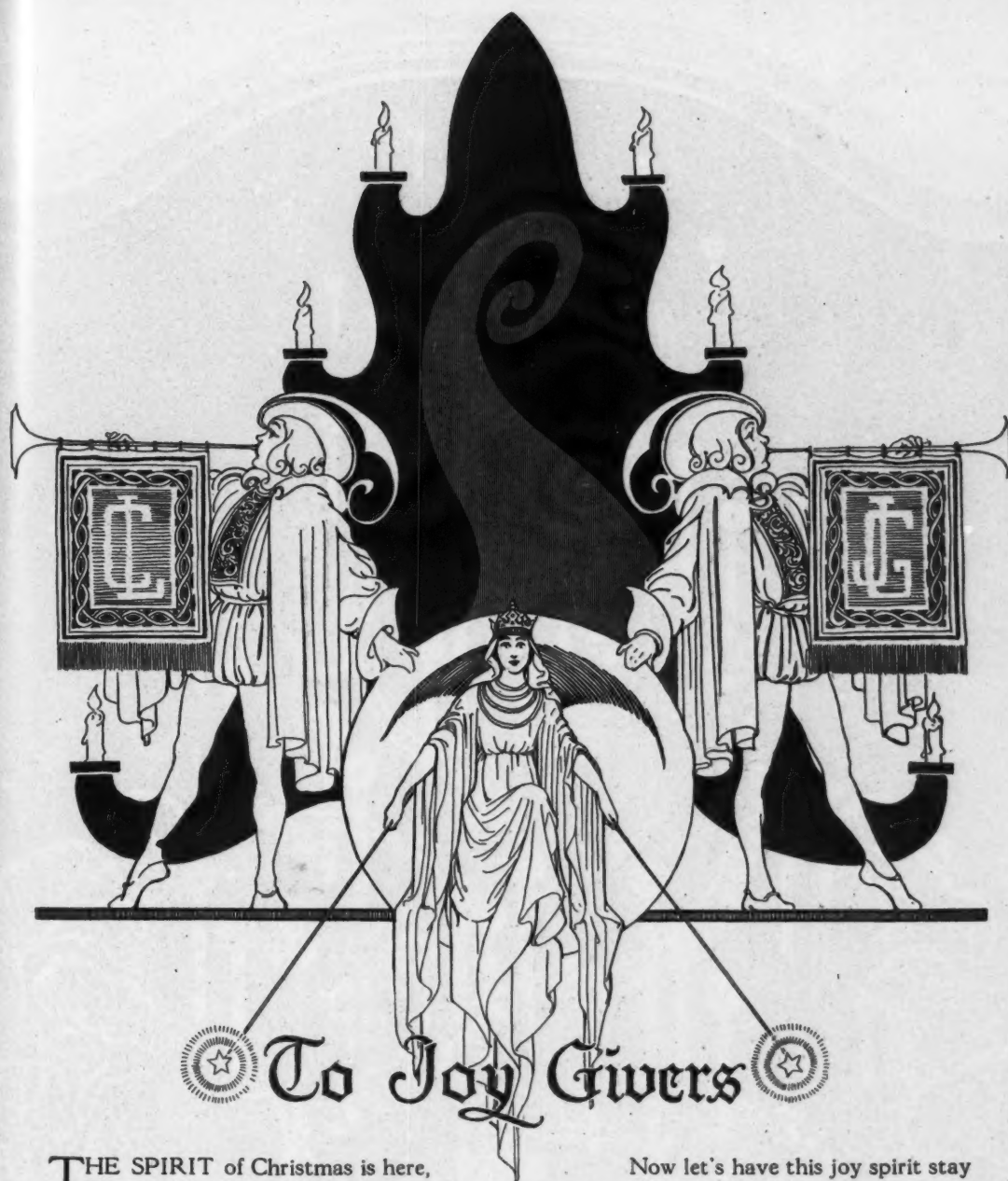
**H**ERE is another pretty Kaynee Suit that has been received with much favor this season. It is made of a very high grade imported satine. This

excellent material is color-fast and lends itself splendidly to Kaynee design and tailoring, making an unusual little garment that is as practical as it is attractive.

*At Leading Dealers Everywhere*

**The Kaynee Company, Cleveland, Ohio**





THE SPIRIT of Christmas is here,  
The merriest time of the year,  
For the secret of living  
Is intelligent giving  
And blessing the world with good cheer.

Now let's have this joy spirit stay  
And see that it blesses each day,  
And not go unheeding  
The love all are needing,  
But express it at work and at play.

O, the joy-giving game is much fun,  
And it's really quite easily done;  
If you want joy to stay,  
Just give it away;  
When it doubles itself you have won.

*Rose Waldo, Editor.*





# LITTLE LIGHT

ROSE WALDO

LITTLE candle placed above  
All these other gifts of love,

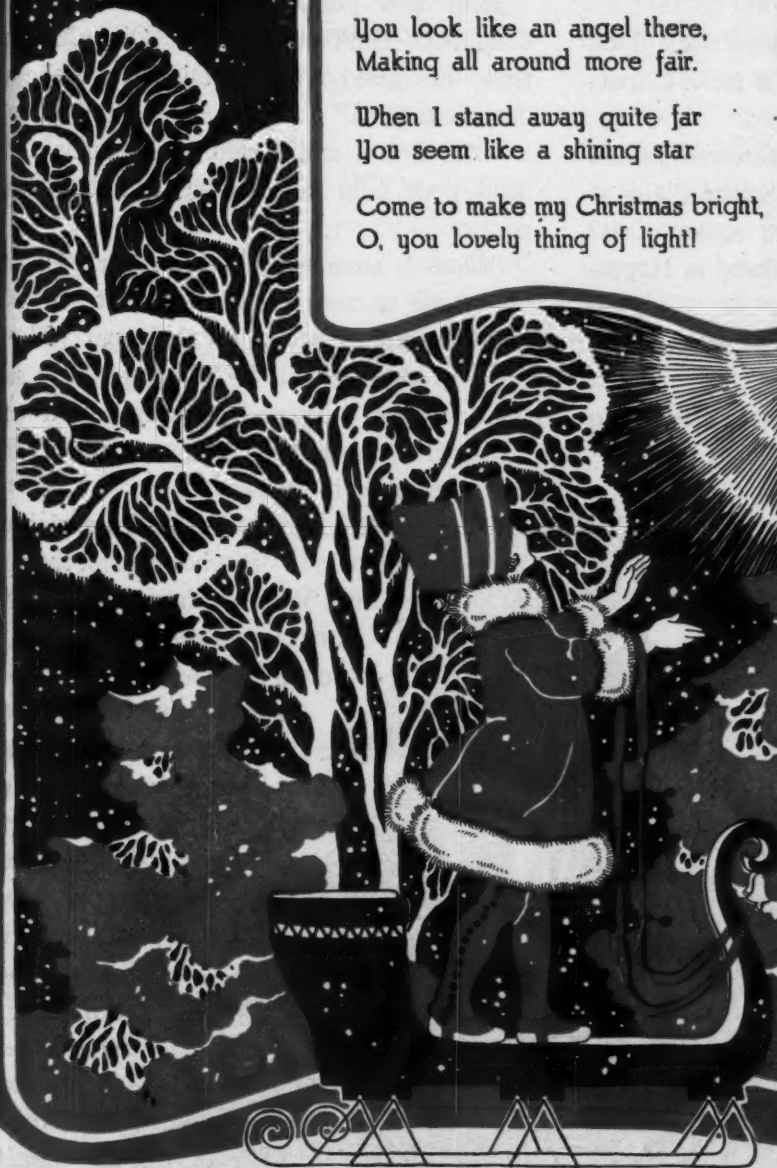
Seems just like you speak my name  
When you flick your little flame;

Are you telling love to me  
Or just lighting up my tree?

You look like an angel there,  
Making all around more fair.

When I stand away quite far  
You seem like a shining star

Come to make my Christmas bright,  
O, you lovely thing of light!





# A CHRISTMAS BALL IN HAPPINESS HALL

By GEORGENE FAULKNER—"The Story Lady"

Author of *The Story Lady's Book*, *Christmas Stories*,  
*Old English Nursery Tales*, *Sammy's Service Star*, etc.

"Come one, Come all  
To a Christmas Ball  
In Happiness Hall."

JANE read and reread the invitation which was printed in bright red and green letters, with a small picture of a Christmas tree at the top.

"Look, James," she cried joyously, "look at this pretty invitation! It is for a Christmas party."

"I have one just like it," answered James, "only mine has a picture of Santa Claus at the top. Well, what do you make of it? Where did it come from? Where is Happiness Hall?"

"I'm sure I don't know. Let's ask Mother!" answered Jane.

So the twins, Jane and James, rushed into their mother's room waving their Christmas invitations.

"Where is Happiness Hall, Mother? We are invited to a Christmas party and we don't know where Happiness Hall can be!" they shouted in chorus.

Mother's eyes twinkled as she answered, "Happiness Hall is all over—wherever there is happiness. This room is a Happiness Hall right now, with you two joyous children here with me. Some-times I think your nursery is Happiness Hall when I

hear you laughing there; but when you are quarrelsome and your voices sound cross, then I'm sorry and it seems as though the nursery should be called Crosspatch Chamber. But I would much rather call it Happiness Hall."

Jane and James laughed. "Crosspatch Chamber—Happiness Hall. Oh, Mother, those are good names! Did you make up our invitations?"

"Yes I did, and I sent them early, for I need your help in planning this Christmas party."

"Does it mean we will have our own tree up in our nursery? And will just our own family come, or will it be a big party?"

"This time it will be a big party," said their mother, "a very big party, and a very big tree, for all the children in the village are to be invited."

"Oh, goody, goody!" exclaimed the twins. "But how can all the children in the village get into our nursery? There would not be room for everyone."

"No, that is very true," answered their mother, "but this time our tree will not be for our own family, but for all the families in town. Daddy and his friends are planning to have a very large tree down in the village park to be enjoyed by all the



families in this community, and so they call it a community Christmas tree. We will all bring our strings of electric lights, and our bright Christmas ornaments and make it look very pretty, and we'll celebrate together."

"Yes," said James, "but your invitation says 'a ball in Happiness Hall,' and a ball means a party, doesn't it? And where is Happiness Hall?"

"This time Happiness Hall will be the big Town Hall. It is not always a Happiness Hall, but we can make it one on Christmas Eve, if you little joy givers will help."

"Joy givers, Mother; that is another nice name!" laughed Jane. "It will be fun to be a joy giver; but what can we do to help?"

"You can help in many ways," said their mother, "and we will plan our party now."

"Oh, let's have ice cream and cake!" shouted James. "It won't be a real party without ice cream and cake."

"Let's play games," said Jane. "Won't it be fun to have a Christmas celebration for the whole village?"

"Yes," said their mother, "we will all play games, and, of course, we will have ice cream and cake. I will make some gingerbread boys and girls, such as my grandmother used to bake for me long ago, and each child shall have one."

"Can we pop some corn and string it with cranberries in long chains?" asked James.

"But this will be an outdoor tree,"

said Jane, and it won't need popcorn chains."

"I think it will look very pretty," said James, "and, besides, the birds might like to nibble the popcorn and cranberries, and we might tie some grain up in the branches, too. Don't you think that we can, Mother? Our teacher told us that the little children in Norway always give the birds a Christmas feast. If this is a tree for all the village, I think the birds should have their share."

"You are quite right," said Mother. "We can make the tree pretty with the chains and feed the hungry birds also."

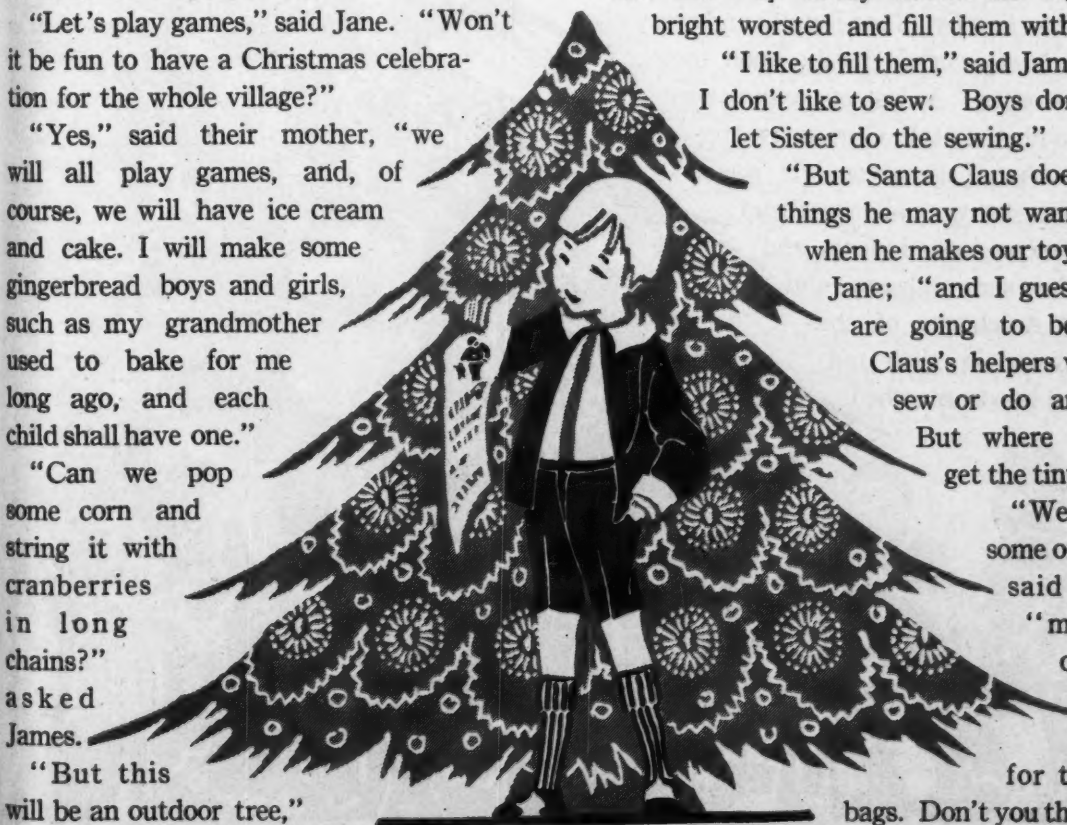
"What shall we give to the children, Mother? We need a present for each one."

"I thought of that," said their mother, "and that is where I need your help very much. I know that you children always like the small toys that come in your Christmas stockings, and I thought you might like to make some tarleton stockings. You can sew them up firmly about the edge with bright worsted and fill them with toys."

"I like to fill them," said James, "but I don't like to sew. Boys don't sew; let Sister do the sewing."

"But Santa Claus does many things he may not want to do when he makes our toys," said Jane; "and I guess if we are going to be Santa Claus's helpers we must sew or do anything. But where will we get the tiny toys?"

"We can buy some of them," said James; "most of our toys are too large for tarleton bags. Don't you think so?"



"I know, but that will take a lot of money," said Jane. "What shall we do about it?"

"Why, we can take our banks," said James. "You know, on our last birthday, we each got seven dollars for our seven years, and I have saved a few pennies besides; haven't you?"

"Yes, but I wanted to buy Christmas presents for Daddy and Mother and all of the family with my money," said Jane, shaking her head sadly.

"I know, dear," said Mother, gently, "but don't you think it would be nice this year to save on our own family presents and spend most of our money in making this big family of children happy? Maybe you could make some simple little gifts of love for the home people."

"All right, Mother," said Jane, "I will give all my bank money to buy dolls and things for the girls, and Brother can buy balls and tops for the boys."

The days flew by all too rapidly and every day the twins worked busily upon their Christmas gifts. At last everything was ready, and the tall Christmas tree stood in the village green. It was ablaze with lights, while overhead the big moon looked down and made the snow glisten and sparkle. A chorus of children, dressed in their red capes and hoods, marched

about the tree, carrying candles and singing Christmas carols, and soon all the grown-ups joined in these songs. And then they all took hold of hands and danced together about the tall Christmas tree.

Then the minister of the town stood before the great tree and talked of the spirit of love which had brought them all together as one family about the





tree, and he read the invitation for all this large group to come to the Christmas party at Happiness Hall.

The people were all very much surprised when the little carolers, singing their songs, led them across the park and into the big Town Hall.

They knew about the tree, but they did not know of the Christmas party planned by that one family of joy givers.

Soon the large hall was

crowded with the laughing people; it was indeed a Happiness Hall. The walls were festooned with Christmas greens, and bunches of mistletoe and holly were everywhere. Such laughing, such shouting, such merrymaking as they had, to be sure, and after the games were over long tables were brought in and they had the "real party," as Brother always called the refreshments.

The tables were covered with paper tablecloths with pictures of Santa Claus and reindeers, and each one had a paper napkin with a picture of Santa upon it. At each child's place was a candy box made like a tall chimney with a tiny Santa Claus creeping down into it. And of course they all had paper caps with pictures of Santa Claus on the outside. Inside these were noisy whistles and squawkers. Then each child received a tarleton stocking bag, made and filled by the two little joy givers.

While they were enjoying these Christmas surprises they heard a loud jingling of bells and into the room came jolly old Santa Claus, himself, all dressed in bright red, and shouting, "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" He was happy to find all of the village having their Christmas party together, and he joined in the merrymaking.

To each he gave an apple or an orange from his big red sack.

Then all the children came



and shook hands with Santa Claus and said good night, and they thanked him for their Christmas party in Happiness Hall.

When the children had all gone to their own homes they hung up their stockings and went to bed and, in each home, they were all talking of the wonderful Christmas party.

"Oh, Mother," said James, "we never had so much fun at Christmas time—never had so many at our celebration. We have always had just our own Christmas at home."

"Yes," agreed Jane, "it was more fun this time because we were sharing our Christmas. I know now what Mother means by 'Happiness Hall' and by 'joy givers.'"

"I think Santa Claus is the biggest joy giver in all the world," said James, "because he gives joy to everyone."

"Yes, and I think his workshop must be Happiness Hall," drowsily murmured Jane, "for he is so happy giving pleasure to others."

"Good night, little joy givers. Merry Christmas!" said Mother. "Now go right to sleep," and she turned out the lights and was gone.

"Merry Christmas, Mother!" said the twins.

And soon Jane and James were dreaming of tall Christmas trees with twinkling lights, and of groups of dancing children. And they seemed to hear the Christmas carols and the sound of jingling bells, and the voice of Santa Claus shouting,

"Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night!"

## TO A CHRISTMAS TREE

JOSEPHINE VAN DOLZEN PEASE

ON this the Christmas hearth of mine,  
Grow ye bravely, little pine!  
Ever green, ye needles fine!  
Wide, spread wide, O boughs of thine!

High upon thy pointed crest,  
Shall the Christmas angel rest  
On thy deep and fragrant breast,  
Christmas lights shall find a nest.



A Merry  
Christmas



For  
Your Dolls

## How Little Ann Is Going to Give Her Dolls A Merry Christmas

### Mothers

If your little girl is not yet old enough to make clothes for her dolls you are doubtless planning to redress them for her as part of the Christmas she is to have this year.

Buying clothes ready made at the stores is invariably expensive, and it is hard to obtain clothes made of material which will endure much handling. After receiving Van Doll Clothes, you will find it a real pleasure to make the garments, because they are all carefully drafted to fit the different types and sizes of dolls. You will also save a great deal of time and considerable expense.

Ordering Van Doll Clothes is a simple matter. Measure the dolls as shown and described below, and order by signifying the numbers of the sets you wish.

ANN, like you, has some beautiful dolls and loves to make them happy. Most of the doll clothes Ann now has are more like toy clothes than real clothes. They are very poorly made and they do not wear well. So Ann has decided to give each of her dolls a Christmas present this year. The present is going to be a dress or night gown which Ann herself is going to make just like mothers make for their little girls.

At first Ann thought she could not make real clothes for her dolls, because she did not know how to make the patterns. But when she learned about Van Doll clothes, she knew how easy it would be, for she does not need patterns. Van Doll Clothes come with the patterns already stamped on the material.

The book, "Dolly's Wardrobe," is included in each package. It clearly explains how to make the dress and other garments.

We feel sure you will want your dolls to enjoy a happy Christmas. Of course, it will take time to make these beautiful new clothes, so mail your letter now, giving us the information indicated on the request blank at the bottom of this page.

Just think how beautiful your dolls will look on Christmas day when you dress them in these real doll clothes; clothes that can be washed and ironed just like your own clothes. Then, too, with Van Doll Clothes that you have made all yourself you can dress and undress your dolls as often as you wish.

### VAN DOLL CLOTHES ARE FURNISHED IN SETS AS FOLLOWS

First you must know the height of your Dolls.  
Measure them as explained by the picture to the left.

#### This is Set No. 1. Price, \$1.00

It consists of—  
The Dress. The Night Gown.  
The book, "Dolly's Wardrobe."  
It is for dolls that measure 9" to 18" inclusive,  
with kid or wood bodies.

#### This is Set No. 2. Price, \$1.25

It consists of—  
The Dress. The Bloomers.  
The book, "Dolly's Wardrobe."  
It is for Mama Dolls with soft body that measure  
16" to 20" inclusive.

#### This is Set No. 3. Price, \$1.50

It consists of—  
The Dress. The Slip.  
The book, "Dolly's Wardrobe."  
It is for dolls that measure 24" to 32" inclusive,  
with soft, kid, or composition bodies.

#### This is Set No. 4. Price, \$1.50

It consists of—  
The Dress. The Bloomers. The Nightgown.  
The book, "Dolly's Wardrobe."  
It is for any doll that measures 9" to 20" inclusive,  
regardless of the material the body is made of.

Measure the heights of your dolls and then choose the Van Doll Clothes sets you want most according to the sizes in which they can be furnished

You Must Have Time to Make Your Dolls' Christmas Gift Clothes, So Mail Your Order Now

### Vida Nisbet Sales Company

1715 E. 82nd Street

Cleveland, Ohio



#### Measure Your Dolls This Way

This illustration will help you see how Van Doll Clothes look. Also you can appreciate somewhat the fine quality of the material itself.

Measure your dolls as indicated by the tape measure, then you will know which sets will fit.



Height in  
Inches  
Here



CL-D

VIDA NISBET SALES COMPANY  
1715 E. 82nd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Number of the set here

Please mail the set of Van Doll Clothes indicated by the number written in the space above. I am enclosing full payment for this set as listed in your Child Life advertisement. If I do not wish to keep the set, I will return it within five days, and you are to refund the money promptly.

Name

Street

City

State

All Van Doll Clothes  
are identified by this  
distinctive mark.

Describe body material of  
doll by writing proper word  
in square: "Kid," "Wood,"  
"Soft," "Composition."

Write plainly  
on Request  
blank to avoid  
delays.

Enclose Check  
or Money Order.  
It is safer that  
way.



# Tubby Toddles

Rubberized Bath Tub Toys That Float



## No Christmas Is Complete Without These Clever Toys



The elephant is always thirsty, but he likes to blow the water out through his trunk whenever he is squeezed around the tummy.



When you squeeze him, after he has been swimming around for a while, the turtle squirts the water out through his nose.



When you squeeze the Tubby Toddle Cow under water, she fills up full. Then, when you squeeze her again, she plays she is being milked just like a real bossy cow.

WHEN you have this set of Tubby Toddle toys, you can play all the time when it is bath time. Maybe you don't think it is much fun to take a bath. Many, many boys and girls do not. There is nothing for them to do except to get wet all over and maybe have their eyes and ears filled up with soap.

The elephant, the turtle, and the cow do just what is explained under the pictures. That is why they are so much more fun than common wooden bath-tub toys—the kind that Santa Claus used to bring little boys and girls.

Hundreds of sets of these funny Tubby Toddle toys have been sent to boys and girls everywhere for bath-tub fun, and Santa Claus will leave a set of Tubby Toddles for any boy or girl who asks for them.

When you write to Santa Claus and have told him of the toys you want to get, just say, "and, please, Santa Claus, leave me a set of Tubby Toddle toys like the ones it told about in 'CHILD LIFE.'" Then fill out the request blank below, giving your name and address and put the request blank right in the envelope with your letter that tells Santa Claus of all the toys you want.

Now, this is very important: Next, you should give the letter to Father or Mother to read over so that you can be sure that you have done everything right. If everything on the request blank can be read easily without making mistakes, you can be sure that Santa Claus will leave you a set of Tubby Toddles when he drops down through the chimney on Christmas Eve.

It is a good idea to write your letter early so that Santa Claus will have plenty of time to get your Tubby Toddles all ready to put into his sack full of toys.

### WHIT—TOYS

9604 Yale Avenue

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Mail  
This  
Request  
Form  
Today

Dear Santa Claus  
C/o **WHIT—TOYS** (Where Tubby Toddles are made)  
9604 Yale Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

CL-D

Please bring me a set of Tubby Toddle Toys to play with when I take a bath. My mother and father are also sending \$1.00 so you can pay the toy man who makes the Tubby Toddles for you.

My name is.....

I live on.....

In the city of..... State.....

Enclose \$1.00  
for These  
3 Tubby  
Toddles on  
Approval



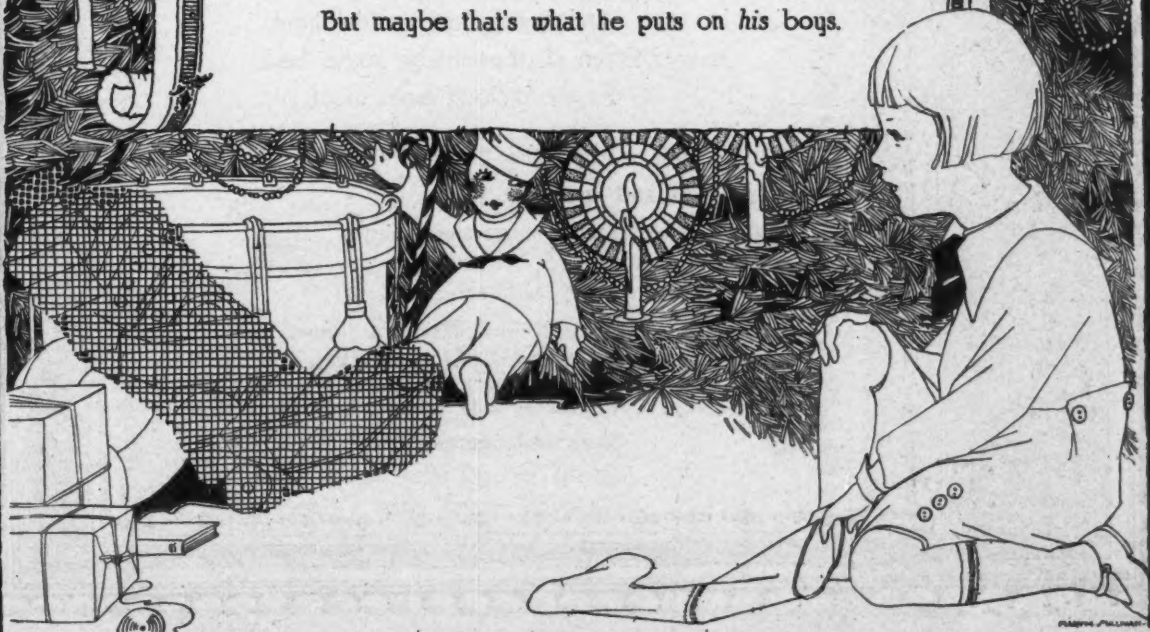
## NURSERY · NUGGETS

### STOCKINGS

T. C. O'DONNELL

I'D LIKE to know what Mister Santa thinks  
That stockings are. He thinks, I s'pose,  
They're funny bags for putting presents in,  
And not for really feet, and heels, and toes.

'Cause Santa made a funny one for me,  
And brought it full of candy, nuts and toys.  
He made it, though, with 'squito nets and things—  
But maybe that's what he puts on *his* boys.





# My Dolly's House

By Kitty Parsons

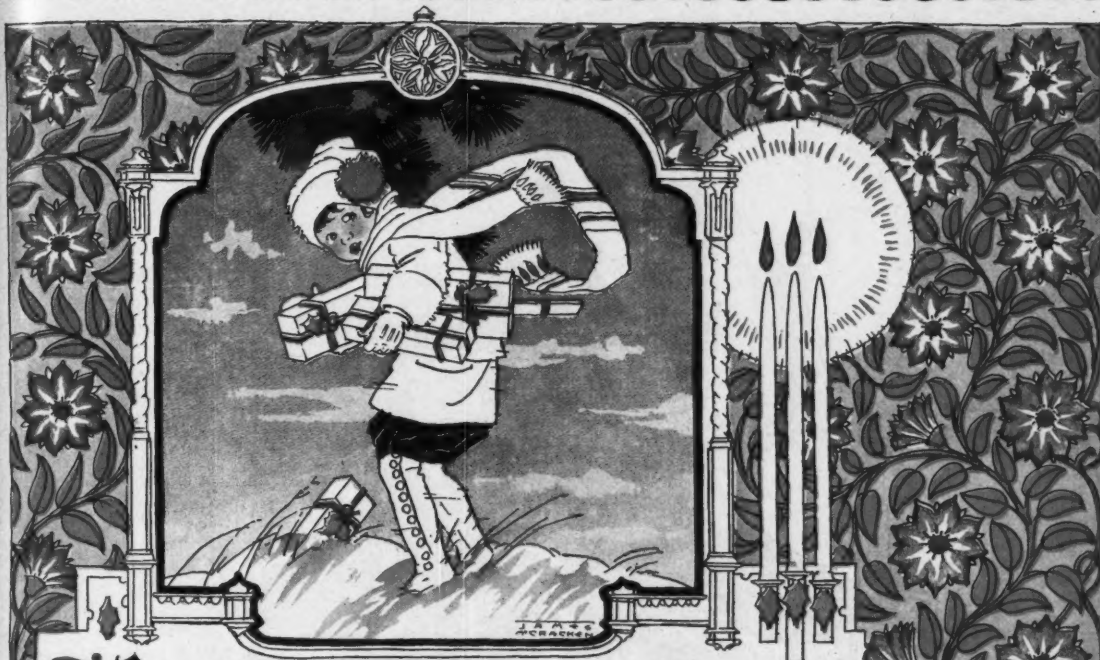
MY DADDY built a dolly's house,  
Of wooden boards for me,  
And painted it all green and white—  
As pretty as could be.

He made some tiny furniture,  
And blinds to hide the light,  
When all the dollies go to bed,  
At six o'clock each night.

My mother made some curtains next,  
All red and green and blue,  
And for the dining room she bought  
A little carpet too.

I'd like to live inside a house,  
Just like my daddy made;  
But mother says I've grown too big,  
She's very much afraid.





# The Christmas Spirit

By Anna Medary

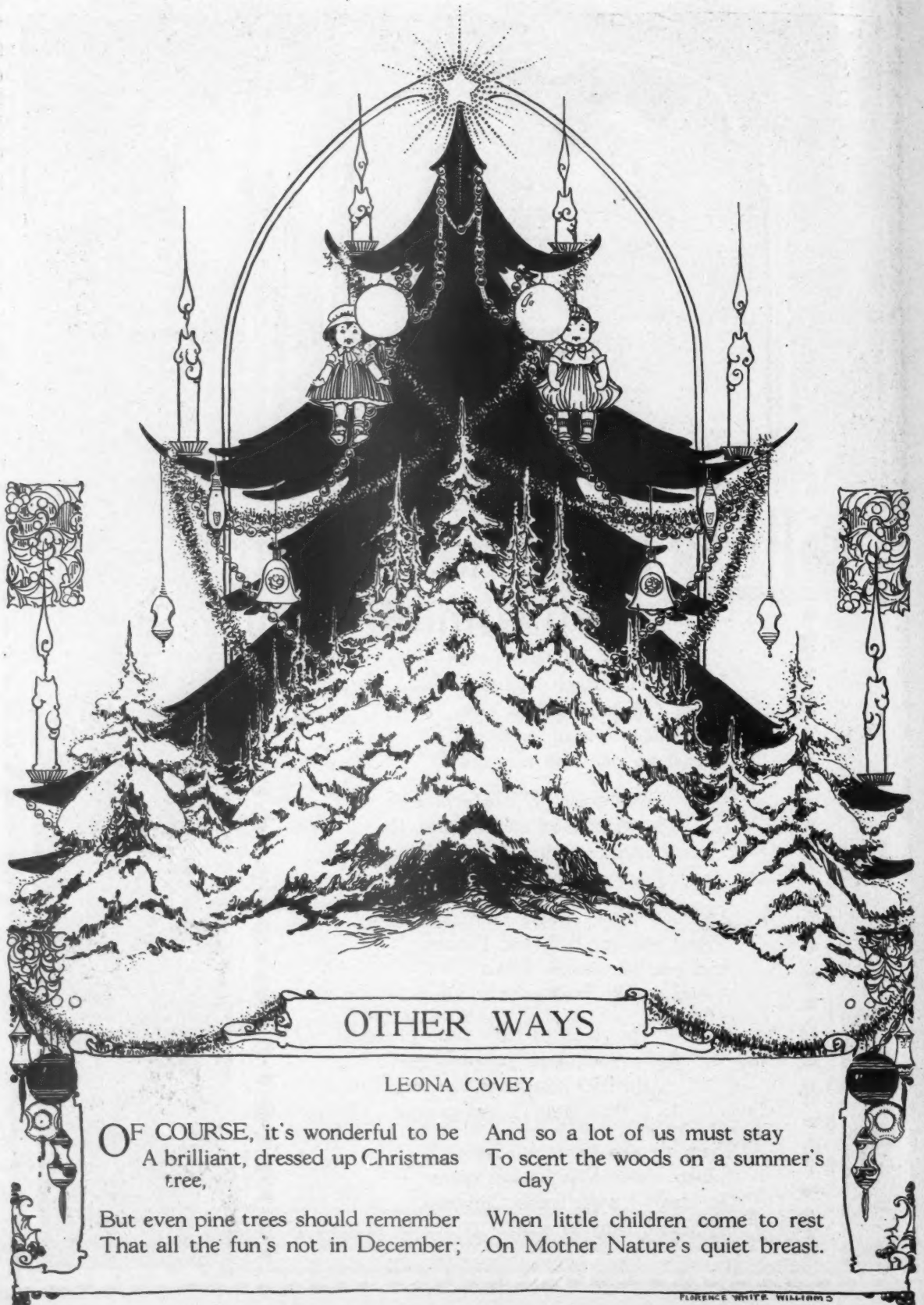
I'M AWFUL much 'xcited,  
For Christmas time is near,  
And I have lots of secrets  
That no one else may hear.

I'm going to buy a present  
For Dad and Mother, too,  
And one for Jack and Margaret,  
And one for baby Prue,

And one for Grandma Morgan,  
And one for Bob and Brooke,  
And one for Auntie Emma,  
And one to please our cook.

I'm going to hide these presents  
Away from people's eyes,  
Until it's Christmas morning,  
And then I'll just surprise

Them all, like dear old Santa,  
Who leaves toys by our grate.  
Oh, dear! I wish 'twere Christmas,  
It's very hard to wait!



## OTHER WAYS

LEONA COVEY

OF COURSE, it's wonderful to be  
A brilliant, dressed up Christmas  
tree,

But even pine trees should remember  
That all the fun's not in December;

And so a lot of us must stay  
To scent the woods on a summer's  
day

When little children come to rest  
On Mother Nature's quiet breast.



## Kiddie Kolor Paints

*There is No Better Christmas Gift*

**H**OURS and hours of painting fun come all done up in this beautiful box. Brushes, paints, and pictures to color—this intensely interesting and instructive painting set cannot fail to surprise and delight a child.

When Christmas toys and other things are being listed, do not fail to include a set of **Kiddie Kolor Kard Water Color Paints**. The cost hardly needs consideration.



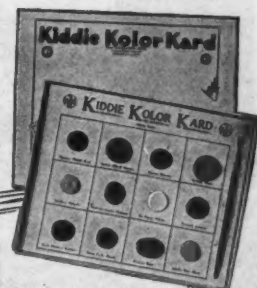
### PALETTE PAINTS Kiddie Kolor Kard

This is a picture of the large Kiddie Kolor Kard, shaped like an artist's palette. If you want this set, put an "x" in the square beside the picture.

CL-D

Kiddie Kolor Kard paints come in two sizes. The beautiful palette with a set of large pictures to paint costs only \$1.00. The Kiddie Kolor Kard which is a square card, not shaped like a palette, will be mailed for 35c. Of course, the square Kiddie Kolor Kard does not have so many pictures to paint. That is why you will have the most fun and learn more about painting when you use the colors mounted on the palette.

**WALLBRUNN, KLING & COMPANY**  
327-329 So. Clark Street CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



### Kiddie Kolor Kard

This is the plain Kiddie Kolor Kard. It is not shaped like an artist's palette, but several nice pictures to paint come with it.

☐ Place Cross Here  
for Palette  
Paints and  
Enclose \$1.00

☐ Place Cross Here  
and Enclose  
35 cents in  
Stamps

WALLBRUNN, KLING & COMPANY

Please send us a set of Kiddie Kolor Paints as indicated by the "x" in the square. The money is enclosed, but it is understood that, if the paints are not satisfactory for any reason, I can return them within five days after they arrive, and you will refund the money. Address the package this way:

Name .....  
Street Address .....  
City ..... State .....





## PUZZLE—Find the Visitor

HELEN HUDSON

NOW at this merry party,  
Around the Christmas tree,  
The boys and girls are gathered  
All dancing merrily.

A well loved friend is present  
His yearly call to make.  
And very soon you'll spy him  
If one sharp look you take!



## A Tinker Toy Christmas

MARGARET and Billy lived in a big house on the hill. It was Christmas Eve and all white and snowy outside. Little icicles hung from their window. When they were tucked in their beds they closed their eyes tight, tight, so that when the Sandman came he would find them ready.

In the living room, where they had helped to trim the lovely tree they had left a fire in the hearth. Margaret thought old Santa might be cold and want to warm his hands.

Now all the house was still. Tabby Grey sat blinking before the fire, when suddenly there was a "tap-tap-tap" and a "click, click, click," and in came a procession of little people, bright, dancing, merry little people. "Hush, Tabby Grey," whispered one tiny fellow, "Don't wake the children, we're the TinkerToy family and we've come here to live. My name is Tom Tinker

and this is Belle, my twin." "Click, click, click, don't forget me," said another, "I'm Radio Tinker. The children will love to play with me and listen to my voice, click, click, click." "Hm," said Siren, "I'm sure they'll like me too. My colors are so bright and they will like my pert ways."

Tabby Grey's eyes got bigger and rounder and brighter. Then she said, "Meow," and began to purr quite loudly, which meant, "I think they will like you all—I'm sure I do."

Next morning little Margaret ran down early and peeked through the curtain. "Oh! Mother, come," she called, "And Billy, hurry! You just can't guess what I see." Billy came tumbling down the steps two at a time. He looked in at the door, then jumping up and down, he cried, "Whew, it's a real Tinker Toy Christmas."

*All little boys and girls like Tinker Toys. The prices are very reasonable. They are sold from coast to coast, in towns large and small. But if by chance you cannot find them in your local toy store or department store, write to us and we will send you our booklet with colored pictures of the Toy Tinker family. Perhaps you would like to have this booklet anyway.*



# TINKER TOYS

Sold Wherever Good Toys are Sold

MANUFACTURED BY

THE TOY TINKERS - Evanston, Ill.





## What is Hidden in the Mind of Your Child?

John B. Gruelle, Ruth B. Chapman, Foster K. Packard, Edward S. Reynolds, and Stiles Dickenson, are a few of the many illustrious men and women who profess that in childhood their hidden talents received their first prod and guidance by the use of the Chautauqua Art Desk.

**E**VER searching, constantly observing, tirelessly learning, the mind of every child develops day by day according to the environment that surrounds it.

The first few years of learning are the most important. During that time impressions are made which leave their stamp throughout the years to come. These powerful life long influences may be either constructive or destructive. They may awaken latent talents, or pass them by forever.

*Which will you choose for your own children?*

## The New Chautauqua Art Desk

For a third of a century, children fortunate enough to possess the Chautauqua Art Desk have been quietly pushing, excelling

- first at home
- then in their classes at school
- and afterwards arts, trades, vocations and professions

both guides and instructs by applying the established principles of visualization, printed instruction, and creation. It puts these forces to work in such a way as to unfailingly capture the child's attention and interest. Enjoyment and amusement then exist in their most genuine form.

Your children will learn something whether you guide them or not. *What* your children learn can be decreed by you.

What is hidden in the minds of your children? It is wise to *know* rather than to guess.

In order that you may fully know the educational value of the Chautauqua Art Desk, ask us for complete details. This places you under no obligation to purchase.

**LEWIS E. MYERS & COMPANY**  
VALPARAISO INDIANA

*New York Office: 610 Flat Iron Building*





## PLAYS AND PAGEANTS

# CHRISTMAS AT SANTA CLAUS'S

By T. C. O'DONNELL

### CHARACTERS

**SANTA CLAUS**, as the pictures all show him, except that his cap and overcoat are lying on a chair.

**MRS. SANTA CLAUS**, a friendly, motherly woman, red cheeked, and wearing a red dress trimmed with white, giving a certain Santa Clausy effect.

**BOBBY SANTA CLAUS**, their boy, red cheeked, and the double of his father, except, of course, for the beard. He is, say, seven years old, growing on eight.

**BABBY**, Bobby's sister, just like her Mamma—maybe more so, even. She is a trifle younger than Bobby. She and Bobby are in white pajamas.

**JIMMY**, a boy about Bobby's age, from Kiddy Land.

**MARGY**, Jimmy's sister, a year younger. Both she and Bobby are dressed in the warmest, wintriest clothes.

**THE FAIRIES OF THE CHRISTMAS GOODIES.**

**THE FAIRIES OF THE GOODY TREES.**

(The scene is Santa's home, in a large room serving as living room and dining room. Dishes are on the table, as of some one having just eaten. A grate with fire should be in the room. A door, at right, well back, should lead outdoors, and near it, on the same side, a window, in full view of the audience. In more elaborate performances, the door leading outdoors may be omitted and exits and entrances may be made through a grate. Chair and table legs should be painted with red and white stripes, with similar touches here and there to suggest the toy and candy spirit. Now and then, in the first few minutes of the play, a rattle of sleighbells may be heard off stage, and an occasional stamping, as of reindeer hoofs. In one corner of the room, too, is a Christmas tree, with tinsel, but only two or three toys. These, as the curtain rises, Santa is stuffing into a big bag of toys. The back of the stage should be occupied, in part at least, by a double curtain: one a gray or neutral shade, with four openings, and a Goody Tree in front of each opening. In front of this is one of orange or violet, through which the Fairies of the Christmas Goodies emerge.)

**SANTA** (*stuffing the last toy, a horn, into his bag*): There, that's done!

**MRS. SANTA** (*"redding" the table*): And now, dear, bundle up before you go out. I've warmed your boots for you, and (*leaving the table*) here are your gloves—and mind you keep your muffler up around your neck.

**SANTA** (*pulling on his boots*): Don't sit up for me. I'll be getting home late tonight, and—

**MRS. SANTA**: And why?

**SANTA**: You see, all the Kiddies have been so good this year! That means I'll have to slide down *every* chimney tonight. Not just *part* of them, one here and one there. *That* takes time—especially sliding back up all the chimneys. I never supposed Kiddies could be so good and—

[The door, left, opens, and Bobby and Babby come bounding in, hands over their eyes, for a good-night kiss.]

BABBY (trying to find her way, blindfolded, to where Santa is): Where are you, Daddy, for a good-bye kiss? I won't look at the tree. Bobby won't, either.

BOBBY (also trying to steer a course across the room): No, we won't peek till morning. Oh, I



can hardly wait to see everything you made for Babby and me!

[Finally they reach Santa, and he turns them about, so that they face the bag of toys, their backs toward the tree. Mrs. Santa during this action is busying herself "redding" the table.]

SANTA: There, now you can look—but keep your eyes this way. (Giving each a huge kiss:) You taste better when you have your eyes open. (To Mrs. Santa, who stops in her work and observes the scene, with a look of sadness:) Shall I tell them, dear?

BOBBY AND BABBY (eagerly, as Mrs. Santa nods): Tell us what?

[Santa turns them about, facing the tree.]

BOBBY (staring): Why—why, Daddy, where's . . . everything?

SANTA (buttoning his overcoat): You see—

BOBBY: Are you taking them all? The toys, I mean.

SANTA: I'm afraid I'll have to, laddie. (He pats Bobby's head tenderly.) You see, the Kiddies were so terribly good—especially the last two or three weeks. Better than I ever thought they could be. So I'll have to take everything to them.

BOBBY (brightening): We—ll, it's all right. I'm so glad, Daddy, to have them so good that I won't care at all—will you, Babby?

BABBY: N-n-no—Who is best of all, do you say, Daddy?

SANTA: Oh, that would be hard to say! They'd be the ones most like you (he kisses her), and Bobby, though. And I suppose they are, well, little Jimmy Jones, and his even littler sister, Margy—I'd say they were most like you two: kind and thoughtful, and wanting Kiddies to be happy and good.

[Just here the face of a small boy is seen peering through the window, motioning to some one to stay back, and ducking his head, as though fearing lest he be seen.]

SANTA: But there, I must be going. Good-bye!

(Kissing each in turn, and Mrs. Santa, who is helping him on with the toys:) Good-bye, dear. I'll be back early—in time for pineapple waffles for breakfast. Oh yes, be sure to have orange syrup with them.

[He goes out the door, waving to them. Presently the sleigh bells jingle and die away, together with sounds as of reindeer steps. The three stand at the window and wave good-bye.]

BABBY (plaintively): Just the same, I kinda wish we had some toys left!

BOBBY: Babby, you mustn't say "kinda." I bet Jimmy Jones wouldn't say it.

BABBY: Or "bet," either. Anyway, I wish we had some toys for just us. Why, we almost might just as well be bad Kiddies and not get presents as good Santa Claus children and not get any.

[During this dialogue Mrs. Santa is again "redding" the table.]

BOBBY: I know what—let's play the "imagine" game: imagine we had—why, the whole house full.

BABBY: I can't 'magine tonight. I don't think I have a single 'magine in me at all.

BOBBY: Well, you can imagine you can imagine, can't you?

BABBY: Oh, that's it! We'll 'magine we can 'magine—and that will make twice as many things we can kinda—(checking herself) twice as many things we can play we've got for Christmas, and—

[Just then a knock is heard. Mrs. Santa opens the door, and in come Jimmy Jones, a big bag on his shoulder, and Margy.]

MRS. SANTA: Well, land sakes!

JIMMY: How do you do, Mrs. Santa? (As they shake Mrs. Santa's hand and receive a kiss on each cheek.) We were right, Margy. (Looking at Bobby and Babby:) There are two of them.

[Jimmy, followed by Margy, reaches out his hand to greet Bobby and Babby.]

MRS. SANTA: They're my children, Bobby and Babby.



BABBY (to Bobby in an undertone): It must be Jimmy Jones—he hasn't said "kinda" yet.

JIMMY: Now we're introduced, I'm Jimmy Jones. (Bobby and Babby looking knowingly at each other, and this is Margy—

MARGY: His sister!

BOBBY: I bet—(receiving a nudge from Babby)—



Didn't you have a hard time finding your way?

JIMMY: Oh, the reindeer down at the Zoo told us how to come.

MRS. SANTA: My goodness!

JIMMY: Yes, you see every day I sent a letter to Santa for so many things that Daddy said first thing I knew Santa wouldn't have anything left for his own children. That made me feel maybe I was kind of (*Bobby and Babby nudge each other*) selfish, so Margy and I went down and had a talk with—

BOBBY: Could he talk, really? The reindeer I mean.

[*During this dialogue Mrs. Santa, when she is not coming up dead still with astonishment, is setting the table.*]

MARGY: We winky-talked!

JIMMY: You see, we told him to confine (*nudges between Bobby and Babby at this huge word*)—to confine his conversation (*more nudges*) to two words: "yes" and "no." When he wanted to say "yes" to wink once. Two winks was "no." Then I asked him where Santa lived, and he couldn't say "yes" or "no" to that, so he winked three times.

MRS. SANTA: Law me!

JIMMY: Yes sir, three times. Then I said, "Do three winks mean the old hollow tree, the old oak one?" And he winked "yes." So we bought a lot of toys with some money—

MARGY: We were saving for bicycles—

JIMMY: And put them in a bag, and went down to the old oak tree, and climbed down inside and imagined we were Santa Claus scooting down a chimney, until we came—

MARGY: To the bottom of the old oak tree!

JIMMY: And when we got to the bottom of the tree we went on and on, and on—ever so far—

MARGY: Miles!

JIMMY: Until we came—

MRS. SANTA (*arms akimbo, and eyes beaming with pride*): And to think that I have here, in my own house, the four best children in the whole world: Bobby and Babby, because they wanted Kiddies to be good so badly that they were glad to go without any toys; and Jimmy and Margy because they were so sorry when their goodness meant Bobby and Babby doing without. Land sakes!



JIMMY: Oh, that wasn't anything for us. Now let's see what we've brought.

[*He opens the bag and out onto the floor roll toys of every kind—tops, dolls, mouth organs, drum, etc. Bobby and Babby are so impressed that they can say nothing. But when a train of cars comes out—*]

JIMMY (*to Bobby*): It's yours!

MRS. SANTA: Well, of all the—

[*She gets down on her knees to put the tracks together, just like everybody's Daddy does Christmas morning. Jimmy and Margy are both laughing.*]

BOBBY: What are you laughing at?

JIMMY: Oh, Daddy does that to my train. Why, every year, *next* Christmas is always almost here before I get a chance to play with it, for Daddy being on his hands and knees playing with it all the time.

MRS. SANTA: Anyhow, I'm going to have Mr. Santa get me one all for myself next Christmas.

BOBBY: Only Kiddies maybe'll be so good again that you'd have to send *that*, too.

MRS. SANTA (*getting to her feet and going about setting the table*): Well, I'd be so glad to do *that*, too!

BOBBY: And so would I, and—

BOBBY: Me, too.

[*The children begin putting the things on the tree.*]

BOBBY: Let's surprise Daddy Claus when he gets home.

BOBBY: We can tell him we had two Santa Clauses just for ourselves. Oh! (*Peering inside a box and taking out a dolly*): Isn't she just beautiful, Bobby?

BOBBY: Kind of. (*Emphasizing word separation.*)

MARGY: I think dollies are the nicest things ever, don't you? (*Babby nods assent.*) They never grow up, the way people do. My biggest dolly, Dorothea, is three years old, and—why, she hasn't changed a single bit in all those years.



MARGY: Here. The reindeer wanted us to borrow him from the Zoo man so he could bring us, but it isn't so far from our house to here as it would be for people who live a long way off, like the North Pole, or Mada—Madaga—

JIMMY: Madagascar—

MARGY: So we told him we could walk.





JIMMY: I know why, too. Daddy told me. It's because Dorothea spends all her time, all day long, making you happy. Daddy says I can do that way, too: never get old, even if I do get whiskers when I get as tall as this (*indicating*) and—and have to have my teeth filled, and—

BABBY: I tell you—let's all stay just as young, that way? Shall we?

THE OTHERS: Oh, let's.

BABBY: It'd be easier for us than dollies, too, because we can run and play and have nice things to eat, and—

MRS. SANTA (*as tree is finished*): Eat, did I hear? (*Indicating table*): Now what do you all say to having some supper?

JIMMY: Will we have time, Margy and I? We must be in bed and asleep before Mr. Santa reaches our home.

MRS. SANTA (*looking at clock*): It's now eight o'clock. Let me see what time he gets to your home. (*Running a finger down a large sheet of names and hours pinned to a wall*): Jones, Jones, Jones—Oh, he will reach your house at seventeen minutes after eleven. You have lotsa (*Bobby and Babby look up at her aghast, which she observes*)—lots of—plenty of time. Now, then, for the Fairies of the Christmas Goodies!

[*Mrs. Santa waves a huge spoon as a wand, and immediately two fairies, the Fairies of the Christmas Goodies, appear through the front curtain, bow low, and drape back the curtain, revealing against the back curtain, four trees: The Roasted Popcorn Ball Tree; The Toasted Sugar Apple Tree; the Striped Candy Tree; and the Spotted Orange Tree.*]

FIRST FAIRY: We are the Fairies from Christmas Goody Land.

SECOND FAIRY: Where Lollipoppy birds eat out of our hand.

FIRST FAIRY: And the yummy, gummy gum-drop fish go whee-ee-ee! (*Motioning.*)

SECOND FAIRY: Through the fudgy, wudgy, cream candy sea.

MRS. SANTA (*To Jimmy and Margy*): Do you like your sugar apple boiled or toasted?

MARGY: I—I don't know, because we just—we just eat them. But—(*unwilling to take a chance of losing them*) we like them, Jimmy and I do.

MRS. SANTA: I asked because we only have one tree—the Toasted Sugar Apple Tree.

[*She waves a wand and the back curtain parts and through it appears the Fairy of the Toasted Sugar Apple Tree, who steps forward, bows, and bears a basket heaped high with red-cheeked sugar apples. Each child takes one. The Fairy takes a place in front of her tree.*]

MRS. SANTA: Of course you don't like Roasted Pop Corn Balls?

BOBBY (*as Jimmy and Margy hesitate*): Say yes!

JIMMY AND MARGY: Yes-um yum!

[*At the wave of the wand the Fairy of the Roasted Pop Corn Tree appears as did the first fairy, her basket loaded down with popcorn balls of various colors. She takes her place again in front of her tree.*]

MARGY: And can we see a striped candy Fairy?

MRS. SANTA: If she will come.

[*Mrs. Santa waves her wand, and the fairy of the Striped Candy Tree appears from behind her tree, and bears an immense armful of candy sticks, her action being similar to the two Fairies that have preceded her.*]

JIMMY (*his eyes on the Spotted Orange Tree*): And can we have some of the cocoanuts?

BOBBY (*as he and Babby laugh at Jimmy's remark*): Cocoanuts! They're oranges—from the Spotted Orange Tree. Wand, Mamma!

[*Mrs. Santa waves the wand, and the Fairy of the Spotted Orange Tree appears, and repeats the action of the previous Fairies, by which time the plates have become stacked with the goodies.*]

THE FOUR TREE FAIRIES: And now we will dance while you eaty-eat—Just listen to our Twinkly-winkly feet!

[*They dance. A simple movement should be used here, preferably to the accompaniment of music. As they dance, Jimmy and Margy look on eagerly, which the Fairies of the Christmas Goodies observe.*]

FAIRIES OF THE CHRISTMAS GOODIES: And now if you will dance with us, too, we'll come back next year to you (*pointing*), and you, and you, and you!

THE FOUR CHILDREN: That is just what we wanted to do!

[*All dance, repeating the former measures.*]

[CURTAIN]



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Geneese Depot, Wisconsin

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Street.....

City and State.....

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**A**N Ives Railroad System will make any boy smile. The Ives Railroad outfits range from \$1.75 to \$50.00 in price. There are spring locomotives that whiz around an "O" gauge track and monster electrics, that operate an "O" gauge and standard "2" gauge track, exact copies of the latest New York Central models. The Ives Railroad Systems have a dazzling variety of bridges, tunnels, switches, passenger and freight stations, signals, and railroad equipment. The cars like the locomotives are also exact copies. The freight cars are painted like the real ones on principal railroads, coal cars, tank cars, stock cars, lumber cars, cabooses.

Our beautiful 1922 catalog ablaze with color will tell you all about these wonderful trains as well as the Ives Boats. Remember that the Ives Trains can be operated either indoors or out. After the indoor season their substantial construction makes them an ideal outdoor toy. Boys can build a railroad, running a spur track to the edge of a pond or brook, ship the freight to a miniature wharf and load it on an Ives merchant ship—an entire transportation scheme all with Ives equipment. No other manufacturer furnishes this complete outfit. Additions may be made from time to time as all equipment may be bought as separate units.

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AN Ives Electric Train Outfit 31 inches long, consisting of reversible locomotive with electric headlight, 3 cars with automatic couplers. 14 feet of track, station, tunnel, semaphore, danger signal and 6 telegraph poles. If your dealer will not supply you, send us the money and we will see that you are taken care of.



# Ives Trains



# JUST LIKE THIS

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY BESS DEVINE JEWELL

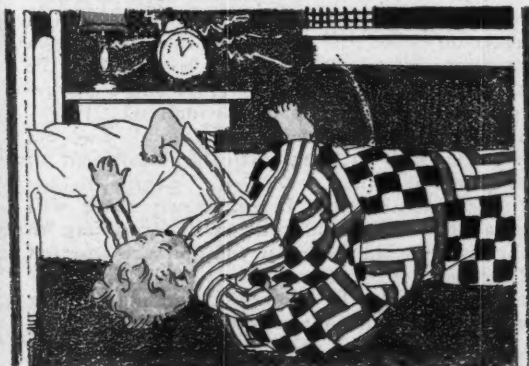
One night Pudgy set his alarm for one o'clock so he could wake up and catch Jack Frost at his painting. He was soon in Dreamland

JUST LIKE THIS



While asleep he forgot about the alarm and when it rang he was so frightened at the terrible racket that he fell out of bed

JUST LIKE THIS



Jack was "on the job" but when the clock "took to having a fit", as he said, Jack Frost decided to run away

JUST LIKE THIS



After Jack Frost had taken his departure Pudgy noticed that he had left his picture about half finished

JUST LIKE THIS



The next night, Zingo awakened Pudgy. There was J. F. painting. Zingo introduced them and soon they were working together

JUST LIKE THIS



The next day Pudgy just smiled when his mother said how pretty that window looked when the sun shone through it

JUST LIKE THIS





## "Crayola" Toy Sets

It would be hard to find better Christmas gifts for the children

### "CRAYOLA"

#### Picture Tracer No. 75

consists of the enameled tracing tablet shown, one roll of tracing paper, seventeen "Crayola" Crayons in different colors, and black crayon, with twelve colored pictures for tracing (Fairy-Tale Series). Price 75c, postage 10c.

THERE are very few things that children can play with indoors which they enjoy as much as paints and crayons. And no game which is more instructive. Age makes no difference. For the two year old who scribbles meaningless lines in old note books, or for the twelve year old who spends hours producing a picture in water colors, there is the same fascination.

And so, we have designed a "Crayola" Toy Set for every age, each with its particular assortment of crayons, paints or both.

The "Crayola" Picture Tracer shown above will appeal particularly to the child still too young to sketch or paint yet old enough to color pictures inserted behind the paper on a tracer.

The "Crayola" Little Women Color and Sewing Box, below, was designed for girls and contains crayons, paints, threads, needles, scissors, thimble and sample doll clothes.

The "Crayola" Rob Roy Color Box contains water color paints and crayons.

You will find these and many other "Crayola" Toy Sets in all good stationery and department stores. If the store you usually patronize does not carry them write to us direct.

### "CRAYOLA"

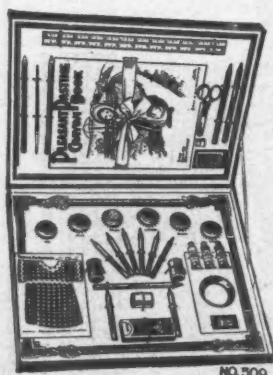
#### Rob Roy Color Box No. 513

contains eleven "Crayola" Crayons, fourteen cups of water color paints, a brush and two mixing pans. Price 75c, postage 10c.

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#### Little Women Color and Sewing Box, No. 509

is described above and has all the necessities for the young miss to sew, paint or color with crayons. Price \$3.00, postage 25c.



NO. 509



NO. 513



## HOW MOTHER POLAR BEAR TAUGHT CUTEY CUB TO SWIM

By HELEN GREGG GREEN

**M**OTHER Polar Bear, Father Polar Bear and Cutey Cub lived in the Land of the Midnight Sun. Of course it is many times colder in the Arctic country than it is here on our very coldest days.

But Father Polar Bear and Mother Polar Bear and Cutey Cub were very happy, and did not mind the cold at all. So long as they had plenty of birds and birds' eggs, and could climb around over the cliffs hunting for nests, and eating grass and berries, life was just one long sweet dream for Father

and Mother Polar Bear and Cutey Cub.

One day Father Polar Bear came home with a beautiful seal held tightly between his teeth. He asked at once where Mother Polar Bear might be. Cutey Cub did not know but said he supposed that Mother Polar Bear must be out for a swim.



Then he rolled over to sleep.

Cutey Cub was *very* fond of sleeping.



But sleep was not for Cutey Cub, nor for Father Polar Bear. For, just as they were both settling down for a nice nap, dear Mother Polar Bear came dragging her poor white body home, with tiny drops of blood trailing behind her at every step.

Father Polar Bear and Cutey Cub jumped up and ran to meet her. They were terrified.

"Why, Mother Polar Bear!" Father Polar Bear cried out. "What has happened to you my dear?"

"Oh, Mother Polar Bear," pleaded Cutey Cub, putting two loving white bear arms around Mother Polar Bear's white neck, "dear Mother Polar Bear, do tell us what has happened!"

Mother Polar Bear adjusted her glasses which were all awry, and then she straightened her small fur hat.

"Well, my dears, a horrid Eskimo nearly killed me!" she wailed, the tears rolling down her white bear face. "He was a *very* horrid old Eskimo!"

"Oh, Mother Polar Bear, he wanted you for your fine meat, and your beautiful fur for clothing!" growled Father Polar Bear, throwing the helpless seal at her feet, hoping in this way to console poor frightened Mother Polar Bear.

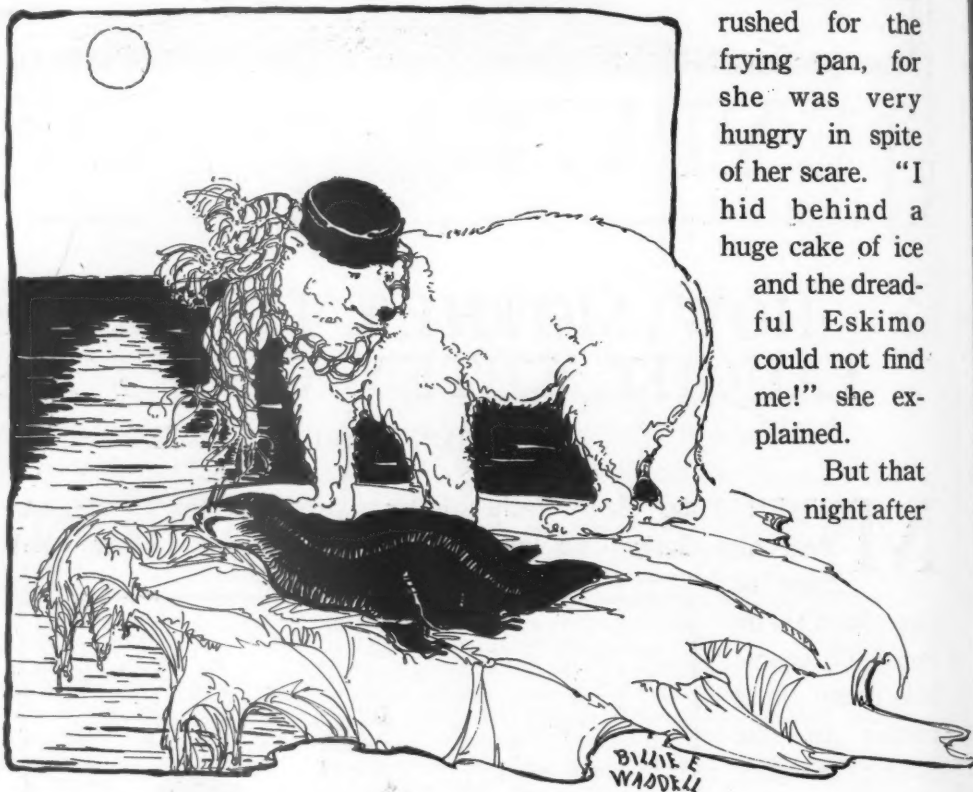
"Yes, Mother Polar Bear," squealed Cutey Cub, "he wanted you for your fine meat, and your beautiful fur for clothing. Oh, weren't

you lucky to get away from him!" And Cutey Cub cuddled closer to Mother Polar Bear whom they had nearly lost.

"You are right, my dears." Mother Polar Bear had grown more cheerful, seeing the glossy seal. "And if it had not been for my snowy white fur you really would have had no loving Mother Polar Bear at all."

And then she rushed for the frying pan, for she was very hungry in spite of her scare. "I hid behind a huge cake of ice and the dreadful Eskimo could not find me!" she explained.

But that night after



Cutey Cub had been tucked into bed, Father Polar Bear and Mother Polar Bear talked very seriously about Cutey Cub. He had never, never learned to swim by himself, and because of this, little Cutey Cub's life was very much in danger.

True, every day Cutey Cub and Mother Polar Bear went for a swim but he always, always held tightly to Mother Polar Bear's white tail. Cutey was a rather timid little cub.

"You see, Father Polar Bear," Mother Polar Bear said with a worried air, "some day Cutey Cub may have just such a narrow escape and, if he does not know how to swim,

the dreadful Eskimos will kill our little Cutey Cub for his fine meat and beautiful white fur."

And Mother Polar Bear paused and wiped her eyes with her nice new clean pocket handkerchief.

"You are right, Mother Polar Bear," Father Polar Bear agreed, "Cutey Cub is a *very* helpless baby. When you come to think of it, you see he's very *very* helpless!"

They talked far into the night and at last thought of a plan to teach Cutey Cub to swim.

The next day Mother Polar Bear tied Cutey Cub's white fur cap over his little white head and together they started for their daily plunge.

As usual Cutey Cub held tightly to Mother Polar Bear's white tail. Suddenly, when they had gone far out into the water, she turned quickly and gave Cutey Cub a cuff with her paw. Cutey Cub, in great surprise, let go; then, very much frightened, he squealed for his mother and grabbed the white tail again and clung to it wildly.

Mother Polar Bear thought hard, "Cutey Cub will never learn to swim for himself this way."

And at this thought she turned and with her teeth she snatched him by his neck, and put him under the water for a minute. Then while Cutey Cub was spluttering and raising his

head, Mother Polar Bear swam quickly away.

Cutey Cub called loudly for her, very much frightened indeed, but in spite of himself, swimming, swimming, toward that comforting white tail.

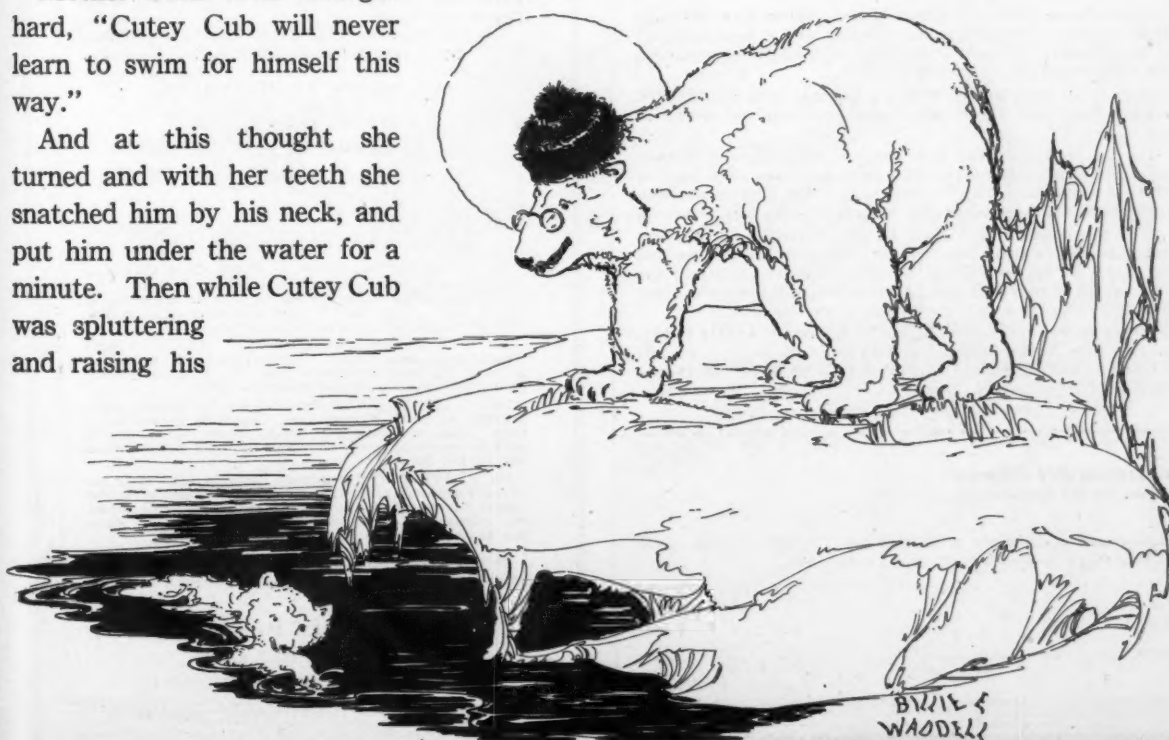
"Mother Polar Bear! Mother Polar Bear!" squealed Cutey Cub. "Wait! Don't go! Please wait!"

But Mother Polar Bear did not wait until she had reached their warm nest under the snow. Soon Cutey Cub joined her, very happy, and smiling. He gave a pleased little wriggle.

"Why, Mother Polar Bear," he rejoiced, "I thought I could never, never do it all alone!"

"So it is, Cutey Cub, with all of us," spoke wise old Mother Polar Bear, giving Cutey Cub a real bear hug. "We do not know what we can do until we try. Do we, little cub?"

And then she handed her little Cutey Cub a tiny bite of the precious seal, as a real reward for all of his efforts.



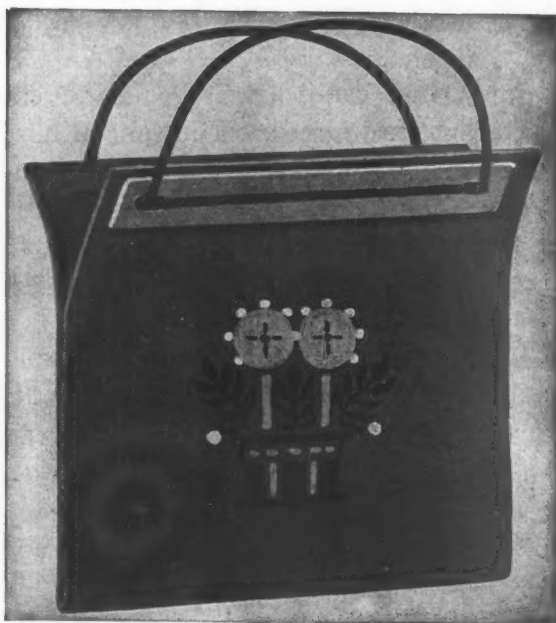


FIG. 1. A Felt Handbag Decorated with Appliqué and Wool Embroidery.

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The book was written by BONNIE E. SNOW author Industrial Art Text Books, "Theory and Practice of Color," etc. and HUGO B. FROELICH, Director of Fawcett School of Industrial Arts, Newark, New Jersey.

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## PRIZE COLOR CONTEST

### CHRISTMAS LETTER

Dear Little Friends:

I wish you all a merry Christmas and a very happy New Year. I wish I might shake each hand and look into each face, but we must be content to know each other only by letters. Your colored pages and stories are a source of great pleasure to me. Don't be discouraged because you are not all prize winners for after all the greatest prize, the one that lasts throughout your lives, is the knowledge of nature that you are gaining, and the pleasure your painting gives you. Write for the stories of the woods, which I will send you each month, and I will answer your personal questions. But don't forget the stamped envelope, and always state your age!

Lovingly yours,  
THE FLOWER LADY

Two prizes will be offered to the readers of CHILD LIFE, one prize to the girl winner and one prize, of equal value, to the boy winner. The prizes will be awarded to the boy and girl who send in the best two color productions of the following page. The names of the winners of the October contest are: LOUISE MENEELY, 9 Washington Place, Troy, N. Y., and WILLIAM MADSEN, 1135 Tenth Ave., Oakland, Calif., age 5. Honorable mention: Beatrice Crossman, Dorothy Morris, Lillian Baird and Louise Eames.

The Pines should be done in their natural colors. Try to be sure that these colors are correct. The pages may be colored by the use of water color paints or crayons.

Do you know the natural colors of these woodland folk? Send your colored page in before December 15th to

ESTELLE H. ROBBINS

Care of CHILD LIFE

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

### LAST MONTH'S SOLUTION

No. 1. SHOOTING STAR or AMERICAN COWSLIP (*Dodecatheon panciflorum*). These attractive flowers are found from Maine to Texas, from the Atlantic to the Pacific; also in Asia. They range in color from pure white to lilac, rose and purple, with a center circle of yellow.

No. 2. ADDER'S TONGUE or DOG TOOTH VIOLET (*Erythronium americanum*). Family, Liliaceae. These plants are from the north temperate zone. Time, spring. Color, yellow, with leaves a mottled brown and green.

No. 3. ONION (*Allium cepa*). A hardy vegetable plant, probably native to Western Asia. Grown by ancient Egyptians. Used now mostly for bulbs, though leaves may be used for seasoning stews. Scallions are thick bulbous onions that do not develop.

No. 4. PHLOX (*Polemoniaceae Drummondii*). These satisfactory garden plants have neat, profusely blooming, brightly-colored flowers. Nearly all of the 30 species are North American. Color, pale purple without, bright rose within. Time, late summer.

If you would like to know more about the little people of the woods, send self-addressed, stamped envelope to

ESTELLE H. ROBBINS

Care of CHILD LIFE

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



# ANIMATED BOTANY

A COMEDY OF THE WOODS

BY E. STELLE HARRIET ROBBINS

## THE ADVENTURE OF THE PINE

*THE PINE:* Spruce up! Don't Pine your life away! What are you crying Fur anyway? Leave that to the Weeping Willow! My needles just thrill with anticipation for I am going to the city at last!

*First Little Pine:* Nothing would induce me to leave my friends, the Hemlocks!

*Second Little Pine:* And I would so miss the night wind singing me to sleep!

*Third Little Pine:* I know that I would miss the soft white snow nestling in my branches!

*The Pine:* But in the city I shall wear a big star on my topmost branches! And I'll have myriads of little lights clinging to my fragrant limbs! I shall see the Holly and Mistletoe and carry a candy cane! You had better join me, little brothers! The woods we came from are so dense and the trees are so green! I guess they will be evergreen!

The Pine (Coniferae)

A Most Happy Christmas  
awaits the Children whose gifts  
include the Toys and Commodities  
presented in this number of  
**CHILD LIFE**



Wait Till You See  
The Beautiful Doll  
Carriages Santa  
Has This Year!



OF ALL the wonderful things that Santa is bringing in his pack this Christmas, nothing is more wonderful than the Lloyd Doll Carriages. If you could only see them! They look just like the real carriages in which live babies ride. They are made exactly like them. Only not quite as big. No doll ever had a finer carriage to ride in than these.

They aren't clumsy or poorly made like so many of the doll carriages. They are woven of the same fine wicker that Lloyd Baby Carriages are made of. They are woven on the same Lloyd Loom—around and around, in a graceful bowl shape. There are no seams or corners or concealed short ends on the finest of these carriages, because a single, endless strand of wicker is used in the weaving.

The finishes, the corduroy upholstery, the wheels, the designs, all make them look just like real Lloyd Baby Carriages. You can see Lloyd Doll Carriages in the toy department of almost any good store. Or write us, and we will tell you where they are being shown.



No. 2032



No. 2007

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(Heywood-Wakefield Co.)

Dept. G. MENOMINEE, MICHIGAN

Pat. Process **LLOYD** **LOOM**  
**Products**  
*Baby Carriages & Furniture*





They appeal to the child's **PLAY INSTINCT**  
They appeal to his **CONSTRUCTIVE INSTINCT**  
They appeal to his **HOME-MAKING INSTINCT**  
They **DRAMATIZE THE SPIRIT OF LINCOLN**  
FOR HIM.

## Make your child a builder—

With this new toy that is historical,  
educational, constructive and fascinating!

**N**OW—during the impressionable period—your child's **PLAY** is influencing and shaping his **CHARACTER** in later years. Building log cabins, school houses, stores, barns, chapels, with Lincoln Logs is the sort of wholesome fun that guides the young imagination along constructive lines.

With Lincoln logs any child can build literal reproductions of the first American buildings. An exact duplicate in miniature of Abraham Lincoln's cabin for instance. And all sorts of interesting and unique log structures.

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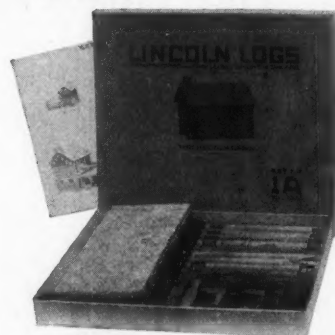
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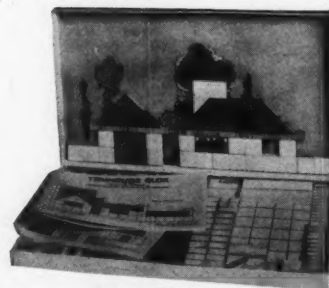
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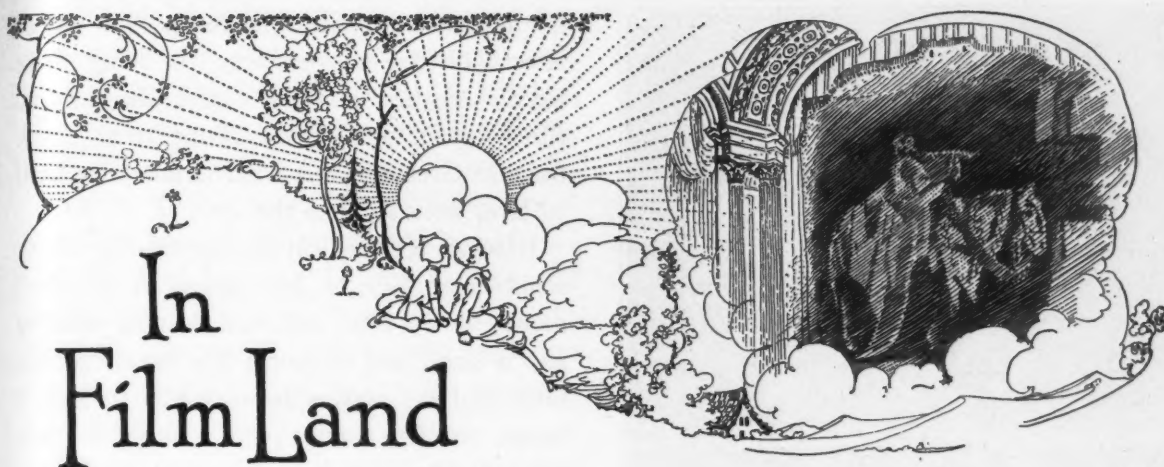
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# In Film Land

## RIP VAN WINKLE

By HARRIET MICHAEL

*Former State Chairman of the Better Films Committee of the Illinois Congress of Mothers and of the Parent-Teachers' Association. Present Chairman of Better Films Committee of the Chicago Woman's Aid.*

**H**OW would you like to go to sleep one night, after prayers and Mother's kiss, and wake up twenty years later, to find yourself all grown up, your toys crumbling to dust, and Father and Mother looking ever so much older? That is what Rip Van Winkle did, they say, many years ago, and the motion picture people have brought us a beautiful version of Washington Irving's story about him.

We first see Rip Van Winkle surrounded by all the dogs and children of the village. They are in a lovely woods, high in the mountains. The sun makes bright dancing shadows of the trees on the velvety grass. Rip is running and skipping, and carrying one small child pickaback. He is surrounded by a swarm of other children, hanging on to the skirts of his coat. He is laughing like a child himself and his merry



eyes twinkle with delight. He is dressed in an old deerskin coat, a pair of trousers, tattered, patched and frayed, a badly-worn pair of shoes, and a shapeless hat with the rim torn and hanging over one eye. The children try to fly a kite and Rip helps them and later rescues the littlest one as he is slowly rising in the air, clutching the string of the kite. The baby is almost out of reach but Rip catches him by his little toes and brings him back to earth. There is a great laugh, in which Rip and all the children and even Schneider, Rip's dog, joins, for you can see

by his tail that he is smiling all over.

On they go trooping towards the village, the largest boy carrying Rip's gun. They meet Rip's little daughter Meenie and the boy who lives next door. The little boy and girl are trying to lead two baby goats back to the village. As each goat runs in



a different direction, it takes the united efforts of the entire party to bring them back. As they near the village, the children run away, and Rip, not daring to go home because Gretchen, his wife, is not very kind to him, wanders into the inn.

Here we see the Inn Keeper who is a very selfish man, for he has taken all of Rip's money away from him and is now offering Rip a small bag of money for his home, his farm and his cow. He asks Rip to sign a paper, but Rip cannot read. He knows that the boy who lives next door can, for he has seen Meenie and the boy playing school. Rip finds that had he signed the paper their home, farm, and cow would have been taken by the Inn Keeper for much less than it was worth. He smiles a nice thoughtful smile, places the paper in his pocket, and starts for home and Gretchen. Schneider goes into the house first but comes out very much quicker than he went in, as Gretchen is very cross and has swept him out with a broom. As Rip stands outside of the house, Gretchen calls the two children to carry a basket of freshly laundered linen to one of their wealthy neighbors. On their way back they are to tell the butcher to come to buy their last cow. When Rip hears this he is greatly troubled, for just that morning he had accidentally shot the cow while hunting rabbits. He tries to make peace with Gretchen but she scolds him so soundly that he tells her that he can only find happiness in his beloved mountains, and that he is going away and will never return. By this time it has grown very dark outside. The children return just as the first crash of thunder is heard and we can see the lightning flashing through the tiny windows of the cottage. As the boy and Meenie sit before the old fireplace, he tells her that his grandfather told him that at a certain time each year Hendrik Hudson and his sailor crew come back to the mountains and play at ninepins; that the lightning is made by Hendrik Hudson




lighting his pipe, and the noise that sounds like thunder is that of the ninepin balls rolling along the ground. While the children sit before the fire, Gretchen is still scolding poor Rip. He slowly takes up his gun, calls Schneider to his heels, kisses Meenie good-bye, and goes to the outside door. Meenie and the boy beg him to stay but he will not listen, and we see him go out in the blinding rain up the street, and deep into the mountains. Schneider, with drooping tail, listlessly follows.

Rip suddenly stops to listen as he hears his name being called, and out of the woods comes the queerest little man you can imagine. He wears a high hat which has a great buckle in the front, and his grey beard almost touches the ground. He has a very long nose and is so tiny that Rip could easily carry him under one arm. He holds a heavy keg on his shoulder, and as he comes toward Rip he motions to him to help him with his burden. Rip swings the keg to his own shoulder and follows the little man, up, up into the mountain. As they climb to the highest peak, they leave the storm behind them, and as the sun shines through the woods, Rip sees many other ugly little men playing at ninepins. As Rip approaches they all stop playing, but they do not speak. They stand around him in a circle, and stare and stare and stare, which, of course, makes Rip very uncomfortable. At last the captain of the crew offers Rip a large cup, and he drinks deeply. He seems to become sleepy and slowly falls to the ground. As he lies there the little men vanish into the storm below.

Twenty years later and Rip is still asleep! There he lies, but he is not the young Rip we knew. His hair and beard are long and white, and are spread around him on the ground, like a soft, misty veil. Vines and grasses half cover him, and as he awakens and slowly rises, you wonder how his clothes can hang together—they are so tattered and torn.

Now Rip does not think that he has slept





*Make  
Your Little Girl  
Happy  
with an  
Add-a-pearl  
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.  
NECKLACE  
The family and friends  
will keep it growing*

— ✕ —

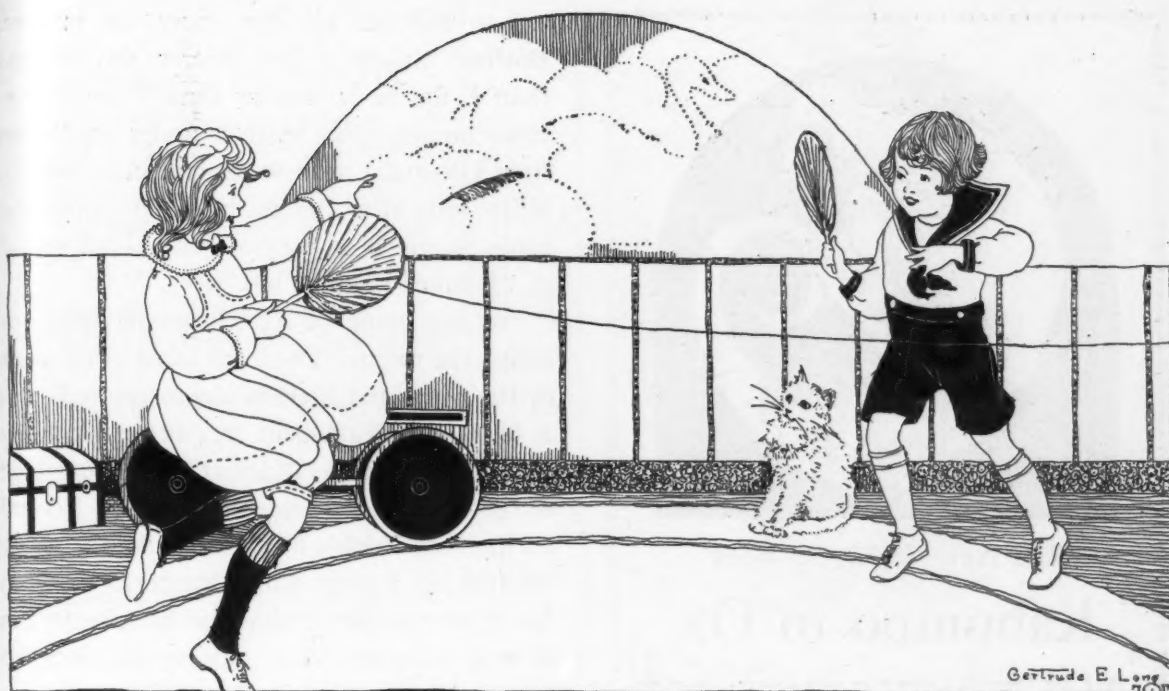
**ASK YOUR  
JEWELER**

this great length of time, but feels that he has spent a very uncomfortable, cold night in the mountains. He decides that perhaps, after all, he had better go back to Gretchen, even if she does scold. He picks up his gun, which is so rusted with age that it breaks in his hands. He is very shaky and old and bent as he goes down the mountain path, leaning heavily on a staff. But what a surprise is awaiting him! The little village of Smiling Waters has changed into a small city, the people are dressed quite differently. He wonders just who Paul Revere and George Washington are, and is very much surprised to hear that there has been a war and that they now have a president instead of a king. He finds his little home deserted and covered with vines and cannot understand where Gretchen and Meenie are. When he stops people on the street to tell them that he has come back, they say, "Why, Rip Van Winkle has been gone these many years! You had better go on to the next village."

Poor old Rip Van Winkle! Even the children run away from him and the dogs growl and slink away. As he stands, bewildered, not knowing which way to go, Gretchen comes down the street, and feeling very sorry for the poor old man, but not knowing that he is her husband, takes him to her home. No one seems to know who he is. Not so with Meenie, for the moment she sees her dear Daddy, she rushes into his arms. Of course Meenie has grown twenty years older, too, but she had loved her father so much when she was a little girl that she had carried his smile in her heart all of these years. Gretchen comes into the room and is as happy as Meenie that Rip Van Winkle has returned. She promises him that never, never again will she scold.

My! What a rejoicing there is! The entire city turns out to welcome its old friend, and we leave him as happy as ever, the same old Rip Van Winkle, surrounded by a merry group of children, and, if you look very closely, I think you will find a dog or two.

Pictures through courtesy of  
HODKINSON FILM CORPORATION, New York



## WHEN JACK AND I PLAY

By MYRTLE JAMISON TRACHSEL

**J**ACK is my little brother and we have such good times playing together. On rainy days when we must stay indoors we ask Kitty what games we shall play. Kitty is a very wise cat and she always tells us the right thing.

"What shall we play now, Kitty?" we ask. And she says, "Meou," or "Meou, meou!" If she says "Meou," just once, we know she wants us to play "Windmill."

In order to play "Windmill" Jack and I have to stretch the two strings across the room that have the paper windmills on them. Mother made the windmills for us. They are paper cones, shaped much like the ones we get ice cream in, but these have a hole in the bottom for the string to run through and the edges are slashed a bit to look like the wheel of the windmill.

Now we are all ready. We place the windmills at exactly the same place on the strings, get behind them and try to blow them to

the other side of the room. I am the north wind and Jack is the west wind. Sometimes we have to try several times before we can tell which wind is the stronger. Then we put the windmills and strings away and ask Kitty what she wants us to play next. She always tells us.

Sometimes she just looks at us without saying a thing. Then we know she doesn't want us to play at all but wants me to read to brother. It's the funniest thing about Kitty—she never *will* tell us what to read. So I let Jack decide.

If Kitty says, "Meou," twice we know she wants us to play "Under the Bridge," and if she says, "Meou, meou, meou," she wants us to play "Feather Flight."

When Jack and I decide that we will play "Under the Bridge," we make bridges of our books, standing two of them on edge and laying another across the top. We make two bridges, then we stand back and





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try to roll our marbles under the bridges. Brother stands a foot nearer the bridges than I, for he is smaller than I am. Sometimes he gets more marbles under the bridge than I do and I want to play again and again. Kitty runs after the marbles and enjoys the game as much as we do. She is interested in "Feather Flight," too.

For this game we stretch one of our cords across the room. There are loops in the ends of the cords and little hooks in the walls, so it takes only a moment to put up a cord or take it down again. Jack stands on one side of the cord with a palm leaf fan, and I stand on the other with a fan. When we are ready we toss up a large white feather. I try to fan it over to Jack's side and he tries to fan it over to mine. If it falls to the floor on his side I score a point and we start over again. If the feather lights on my side he wins a point.

Oh, Jack and Kitty and I think "Feather Flight" is lots of fun. But we have other good games, too. When we are resting after playing "Windmill" or "Under the Bridge" or "Feather Flight" why, we usually want to play some sort of guessing game. But first we ask Kitty.

And often Kitty just winks one eye and waves her tail in the air when we question her. Then we know she wants us to play guessing games. I close my eyes and Jack selects some object in the room. He tells me two things about it, "This object is round; it is yellow and black." I guess it if I can and if not he tells me something more about it. When I have guessed it right I give him an object to guess.

We often play "Colors." Jack says, "I see something that is gray and white." And right away I guess "Kitty," for she is gray and white.

If you can't think what to play on bad days when you must stay indoors, just ask *your* Kitty. Perhaps she will tell you to play some of these jolly little games.

## NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

MARGARET MUNSTERBERG

SANTA Claus, Santa Claus  
Is sure to come again, because  
He came last year, I know.  
He sees our stockings in the dark  
—I hope he'll know mine by the  
mark!—  
They're hanging in a jolly row.  
I wonder if I'll fall asleep  
Before he comes—I'd love to peep!

## CHRISTMAS EVERY SINGLE DAY

KITTY PARSONS

WHEN I'm alone I like to play  
It's Christmas every single  
day,  
And Santa has a great big pack,  
Brimful of toys upon his back.  
Sometimes he brings a sled to me,  
Or something pretty for my tree,  
With candy, cake and nuts and toys  
For all the little girls and boys.  
I always have a Christmas tree,  
That Santa trims most *beautifully*;  
It's lots and lots of fun to play—  
It's Christmas every single day!

## NIGHT AFTER CHRISTMAS

HELEN COALE CREW

I SAT beneath the Christmas  
tree  
When all the house was dark;  
I put my arms about its stem,  
My cheek against its bark.  
Outside the moon was round and  
high,  
Outside the snow was white;  
And all the little silver stars  
Looked down upon the night.  
Inside the firelight flickered low,  
And up above my head  
The shining balls glowed like the  
fire  
In sparks of gold and red.  
It is my home, so safe and warm,  
But you, o tree, I know  
Love best the moonlight and the  
stars,  
The wide night, and the snow.  
You love the singing winter winds,  
You love the frosty air,  
And all because of little me  
Is why you are not there!



## Where can she go to play with them?

WHEN you build a home, build a play room. And while you are building the play room, give it the floor which will be the least harmed by the wheels of trains or sharp-edged toys—a floor which looks clean and stays clean.

You can have such a floor in Maple, or its companion woods, Beech or Birch.

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### And if you want color—

Maple, Beech and Birch give you bewitching variety. From the happy, golden color of sunlight in natural Maple, to the darker stains in Beech or Birch—you have a choice which will carry out any color scheme with perfect harmony.

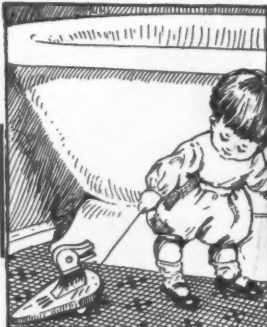
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# Floor with Maple

Beech or Birch



MR. WAZUL DUCK  
Would Take A Swim If  
The Tub Were Not So High



MR. WAZUL DUCK  
Would Like To Eat  
Three Meals A Day



So MR. WAZUL DUCK  
Can See Just  
How He Looks



Out-door Play  
Just Suits  
MR. WAZUL DUCK

# MR. WAZUL

*The Wazzling, Waddling, WAZUL DUCK*



This shows how  
Mr. Wazul Duck  
waddles on his  
way, moving his  
tail from side to  
side.



He opens his bill  
and snaps it  
shut; in fact he  
acts like a sure  
'nuf duck.

## The Most Fascinating Toy of the Year

*Instantly Captures The Heart of Any Child*

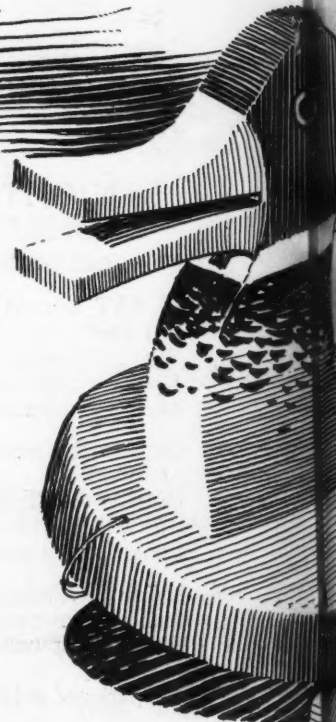
MR. WAZUL DUCK wabbles his body as he goes; moves his tail from side to side, opens his bill and snaps it shut; in fact he acts like a sure 'nuf duck.

He will wazzle slow, or wazzle fast.  
He's glad to do whatever he's asked.  
He's painted bright, and made of wood.  
He would even eat, if he only could.  
He's sturdy and strong, and full of fun.  
You ought to see his wazzling run.

If a child could have a real 'live waddler, it wouldn't beat this wood-duck wazzler.

Wazul Ducks are sold in the stores. They're made in flocks of a thousand scores. There'll be enough for all girls and boys who love to play with clever toys.

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Or send to us as soon as you can.  
We'll ship him quick, we surely will  
Just mail a check, or a dollar bill.







And When It Comes To Sand  
Box Games MR. WAZUL DUCK  
Knows Them All



MR. WAZUL DUCK  
Likes A House  
All His Own



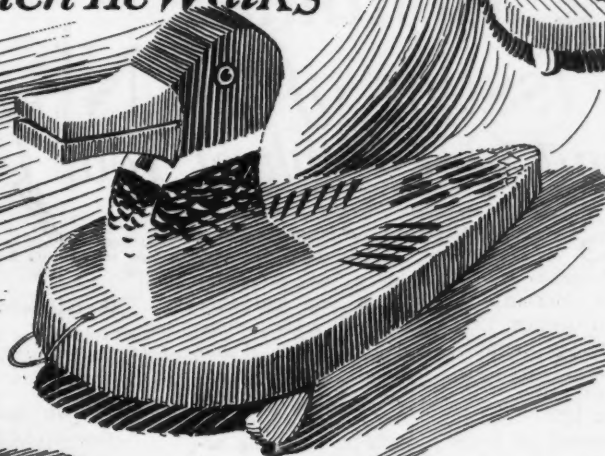
MR. WAZUL DUCK  
Knows A Wazzling  
Waddling Dance



When Bed-time Comes  
MR. WAZUL DUCK  
Is Tired Too

# DUCK

He Waddle-Wazuls When He Walks



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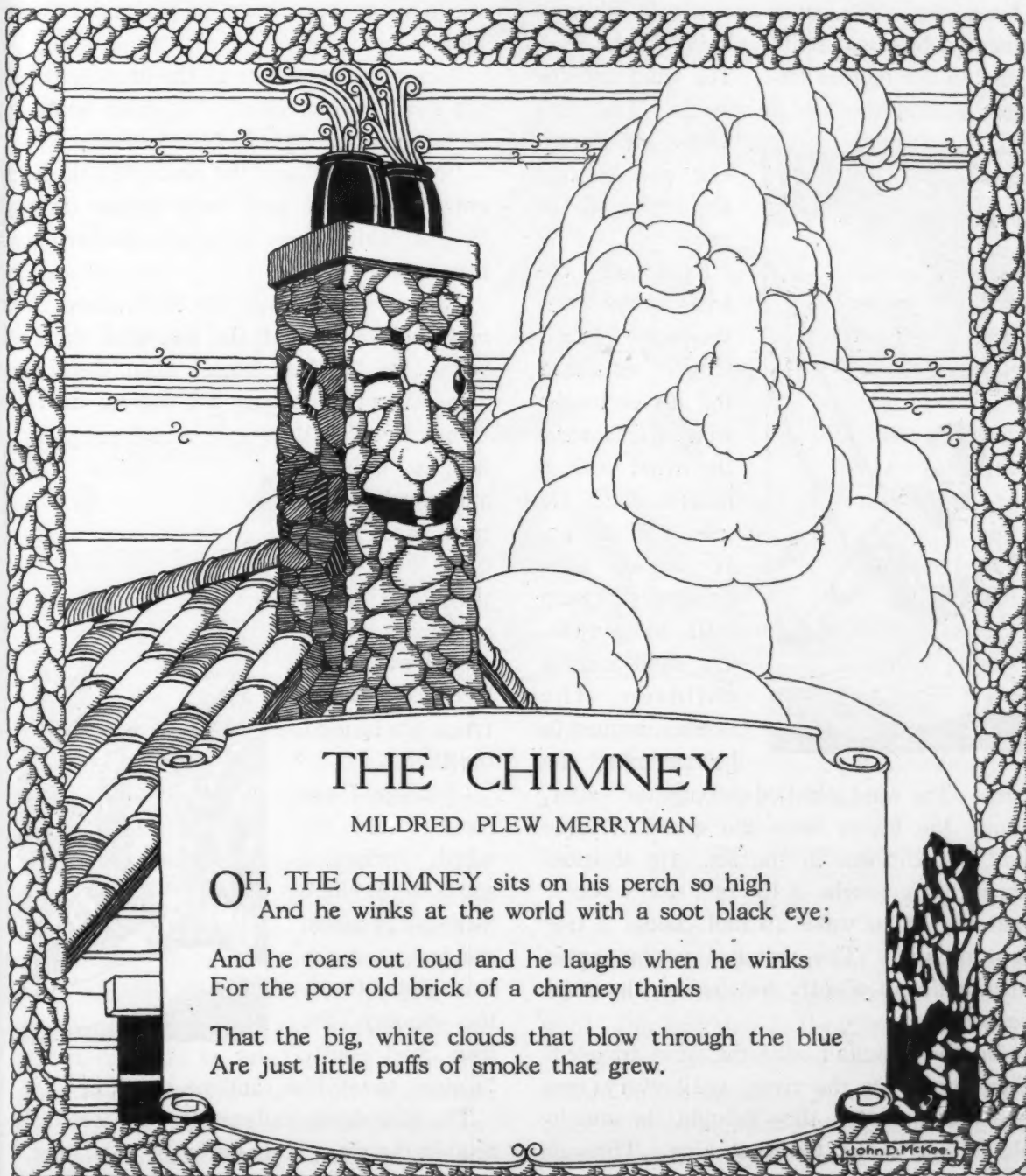
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## THE CHIMNEY

MILDRED PLEW MERRYMAN

OH, THE CHIMNEY sits on his perch so high  
And he winks at the world with a soot black eye;

And he roars out loud and he laughs when he winks  
For the poor old brick of a chimney thinks

That the big, white clouds that blow through the blue  
Are just little puffs of smoke that grew.



# KING CHRISTMAS TREE

By SEYMOUR LOVELAND

Author of *Hero Stories from the Old Testament*, etc.

THE trees wanted a king. But how could they choose one? Not a tree could move for its roots tied it tightly to the ground. If it hadn't been for the leaves the trees would have given up wishing for a king. The leaves were always whispering together and telling secrets to the wind and to the mother tree. The wind and the leaves were the best of friends. The wind



was a great traveler and he told the leaves all the news.

"Go ask the trees which one they want for their king," whispered the leaves to the wind. Off went the wind with a hearty roar. He was glad to go. It bored him dreadfully to keep still a minute. The wind and his children, the breezes, wanted to be moving all the

time. The wind whistled through the valley, shook the leaves from the graceful maple and tossed them in the air. He shrieked through the boughs of the tall, sleepy poplar and told it to wake up and choose a tree for its king. The dignified poplar never answered, but silently watched as the wind rushed by.

Up the mountain side the wind traveled, then down by the river, until every tree had told him that they thought the stately elm would make the best king. Through village streets swept the wind until he

came to the noble elm, shading the road.

"The trees want you for their king," he said to the beautiful elm.

"I, a king?" replied the elm. "Shall I stop giving shade to happy girls and boys just for the trees to bow down to me and call me king?"

The angry wind tore at the branches until the small ones cracked. "It is an honor to be made king!" shrieked the wind.

"Not for me," said the elm. "Little folks enjoy my shade and hang swings on my boughs, while happy birds hide their nests in my branches."

Back went the wind to the waiting trees and told them that the beautiful elm had refused to be their king. Then there was great whispering among the leaves, and the branches and boughs quivered and shook as the trees tried to decide what tree they should ask to be king.

"We will ask the lilac bush!" all the trees exclaimed together.

"Perhaps I was rough," said the wind, "when I spoke to the elm." So he softly kissed the leaves of the lilac and gave it the message the trees had sent.

"Come, sweet lilac, and be our king!"

The lilac shook its branches and tossed its head in the air. "I do not want to be king," it said. "Who would tell the children that



springtime had come if it were not for me? The bluebird might forget his cheery spring song if the scent of my blossoms were not in the air."

"Think how grand it is to be king!" coaxed the wind.

"I cannot be king for I bring the message of spring to winter-tired people," replied the lilac.

"O, please change your mind!" begged the wind. But the lilac did not hear him. It was busy listening to little mother wren as she warmed her babies under her wings.

"No tree wishes to be your king," said the wind when he came back to the waiting trees. "Not one wishes that honor."

"We will ask one more," the trees replied. "Go tell the cherry tree in the orchard that we want it for our king."

The wind went very, very slowly. As he passed through the tree tops the little leaves were sure that he moaned. When he reached the orchard it was beautiful moonlight. Great clusters of red cherries peeped out between the leaves to see what the wind wanted of them so late at night. As the wind rustled the leaves, a tiny moonbeam shot into the heart of a cluster of cherries.

"You give the message," said the wind to the moonbeam, and the moonbeam did.

"I do not want to be king," said the cherry tree. "What would the children do for cherry tarts and pies if I left the orchard to be a king? Thank the trees for their kindness in choosing me for their king, but I and

my cherries do more good where we are."

When the wind came back with the answer he had lost every bit of his friskiness. He did not even have strength to rustle the tiniest leaf. Then his rollicking, frolicking children, the breezes, shouted, "Why not ask the children to choose a king for the trees?"

Before the wind could answer he saw a merry group

of children dancing around a tall evergreen tree, which stood in the garden, singing:

"The Christmas Tree  
Is the king of all trees!  
It is green the year around,  
But, on Christmas day,  
Its branches say,  
Gifts for all abound!"

"Hurrah, hurrah!" shouted the trees and the wind together, "the children have chosen well! Our king shall be the Christmas Tree!"

The tiny green needles of the evergreen flashed in the sunshine; a sound like a sigh came from its topmost branches as they murmured back to wind and trees,

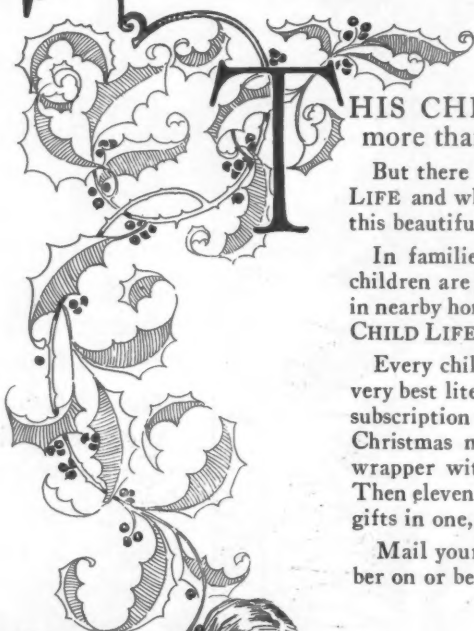
"The children's tree is king!"





# CHILD LIFE

## *The Children's Christmas Gift*



**THIS CHRISTMAS** number of CHILD LIFE will make more than 100,000 boys and girls supremely happy.

But there are thousands of other boys and girls who do not get CHILD LIFE and whose Christmas will be made much happier if they receive this beautiful number as one of their Christmas gifts.

In families where CHILD LIFE arrives each month gifts for other children are being planned; nieces, nephews, grandchildren, the children in nearby homes and the children of dearest friends. Give these children CHILD LIFE every month with its new stories, games, music and pictures.

Every child should have the best—don't miss giving the kiddies the very best literature this Xmas. No more ideal gift can be chosen than a subscription to CHILD LIFE. Each subscription will start with the Christmas number delivered by the postman in its special Christmas wrapper with a card or letter from the sender tucked away inside. Then eleven other issues will follow throughout the coming year—twelve gifts in one, each a repetition of the arrival of the first.

Mail your gift subscription early and insure delivery of the gift number on or before Christmas.

### *How to Order Child Life as a Christmas Gift*

Fill in the subscription blank below, and enclose in separate envelope the Christmas letter or card which you wish the Child to receive with the Christmas number. Write the name and address on the envelope, seal it, but do not stamp it. Place the order blank, and the envelope containing the Christmas greeting, in the envelope which is to come to us.

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Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

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# THE IVORY ELEPHANT

MABEL WILES SIMPSON

UPON the table in the hall  
There is an elephant so small

He must have come from Fairyland  
To live upon our teakwood stand.

He is a gleamy shining white,  
To look at him is a delight;

If I could have one wish come true  
Do you know what I'd wish to do?

I'd wish to be so very small  
That he would be both great and tall,

And then I'd ride upon his back  
And through the jungle make a track.

Across the desert sands to Tyre  
Where swaying camels are to hire,

To Cairo, and to Tokio  
And back to Ninevah we'd go.

In every single forest pool  
I'd let him roll till he was cool,

Bananas all day long we'd eat,  
And never even mind the heat.

But I am really strong and tall,  
And he is very, very small.

## STORY TIME

ANNE M. HALLADAY

WHEN late at night the lamps are lit,  
And 'round the fire the family sit,  
I go to mother with my book,  
Then at the pictures we will look,  
Until some fairy tale we find,  
And then mama is very kind;  
She reads them all to me at night,  
As we rock there beneath the light.



## What Polly Found in her Christmas Stocking

POLLY opened her eyes very cautiously. Just suppose that this Christmas there shouldn't be any stocking hanging on the foot of the bed.

But there it was—bulgier than ever! And what was that curious thing sticking out of the top?

It looked like a book—and yet—But Polly didn't waste time guessing when it was so easy to find out. She made one quick grab for the stocking and then settled down to enjoy it—as quiet as a mouse, for she didn't want to wake up the rest of the household just yet.

Out came the queer book the very first thing. But when Polly saw it, she gave a squeal of delight, for it wasn't an ordinary book at all—but a Bubble Book!

No wonder Polly was enthusiastic, for each Bubble Book has a story, beautifully illustrated, about a little boy who has a wonderful fairy bubble pipe. He blows great big bubbles and out of these come the little people in the story. The songs they sing are in the three phonograph records that come in the pockets of each book.

### All the Good Old Nursery Rhymes Set to Music

The beloved Mother Goose characters—Little Bo-Peep, Old King Cole, Jack and Jill, and many others are all there, singing the dear old rhymes which you yourself loved as a child. The tunes are the quaint ones, too, which belong to the verses.

Then there are records full of funny sounds especially planned to delight Very Little Folks. There are "mooring" cows, "cawing" crows, "squawky" frogs, to say nothing of the three little kittens who mew ever so sweetly, and the little baby pigs who squeal and try to grunt.

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With Three Records**

*Put them now on Your Christmas List!*

# BUBBLE BOOKS

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By RALPH MAYHEW and BURGESS JOHNSON  
Illustrated by Rhoda Chase

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## CHRISTMAS CAROLS FROM MANY LANDS.

By ANNE FAULKNER OBERNDORFER

*Author of Music in the Home, What We Hear in Music, etc.*

FATHER!" cried Doris excitedly, "Mabel and I have been asked to sing carols on Christmas Eve and Dick is to be the boy scout bugler, that goes out with our band of carollers. We are to wear red capes and caps trimmed in white cotton and we shall carry lighted candles in our hands."

"Isn't that splendid?" replied Father. "I wonder if I can dress and go with you. What carols are you going to sing?"

"There is quite a list of them that our teacher asked us to learn. I wondered if we couldn't take the Music Land hour tonight and go over them."

"That is an excellent idea," said Father. "I wouldn't be surprised if I knew some of them. I have always loved carol singing and before I was married I always went out every Christmas Eve. I am so glad that the old custom is coming back again!"

"Who started the singing of carols, anyway?" asked Dick.

"That is a hard question to answer, son," replied Father. "Carols have been sung for many hundreds of years."

"I suppose the idea of singing," said Mother, "came from the first story of the first Christmas Eve when the angels sang to the shepherds 'Glory to God in the Highest.'"

"That is, of course, the reason why the early Christian fathers always felt that music should be a part of the Christmas festivities,"

said Father. "One of these old Latin tunes has come down to us today and is the most popular of all the Christmas hymns. It is always sung at Christmas in the churches and I am sure it is the first one on the list you are to sing. Yes, there it is, Doris, 'Adeste Fideles' or 'Come All Ye Faithful.' We will sing that first for I know that you are all familiar with it."

After the family had finished singing this beautiful old hymn, Father said, "Christmas was always a time of joy and it was natural that the early churchmen should have wanted it celebrated in that way. In England there was a curious old custom of bringing in the yule log. The log was chosen and a band of carollers went to the woods and sang about the tree before it was cut down; they then sang as it was being carried into the hall. The best known yule carol is, of course, one that you all know, 'Deck the Hall with Boughs of Holly.' That carol came from Wales but it is the most popular one in all English-speaking lands. Another English carol that is popular, too, is 'God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen.' Suppose we try both of them now."

The family knew most of the words of the yule carol, but as they were looking on the book, singing the other song, Mabel said, "Why, how funny! I never knew it was written that way. I always thought that it was 'God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen!'"



"Most people do think that," said Father. "But it means literally that all men must be merry at this time; so it is written 'God rest ye merry.'"

"There are three other English carols I want to speak of now," continued Father. "The first is 'Here We Come A Wassailing' which was always sung by the English carollers and was very popular among the English colonists in America."

"Then there is the one from Cornwall, 'I Saw Three Ships' and the last is the old Hampshire carol that we still sing today in all our churches, 'While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks By Night' That is on your list, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is," replied Doris, "I think I know it. Shall I try to sing it all alone?"

After Doris had finished, Father said, "In the early days of America Christmas was always celebrated in the South and in those colonies where the French had made their homes, but the Puritans frowned on the custom and the poor little children in New England knew little about Christmas joys. The French always loved Christmas and they had a singular custom, that was also popular all over Europe. On Christmas Eve all the children in the town marched to

the church bearing gifts for the Christ Child. They were led by three lads, who were dressed as the three kings, and they

all sang as they marched. One of the oldest tunes in France is 'The March of the Three Kings.' It is this air that was used in the production of Maeterlinck's 'Blue Bird' when the children went on their adventures. Before we sing it I want you to hear the Overture to 'L'Arlesienne' by Bizet for he uses this old air in a very remarkable way."

After the player-piano had finished playing the Overture and the family had sung the old carol, Dick asked, "Isn't there another tune about the three kings?" "Yes," replied Father. "And it is one of those on your list. It is called 'We Three Kings of Orient Are.' The words are old but the tune is modern. Let us try that now."

"There is another French carol on our list," said Mabel. "It is 'The First Nowel.'"

"That carol is sometimes called English," said Father. "It is very old and no one knows where it did come from originally, for it is sung in many lands. Before we sing it, I want to tell you that the French have some of the most beautiful carols in the world."



One that I love very much is 'Away in the Manger.' I will sing that first and then we will try 'The First Nowel.' The French call all their carols 'nowels' or 'noels' because that is the French word for Christmas."

After they had sung this lovely old air Mother said, "Isn't 'Christ the Lord Is Born Today' a French noel?"

"Yes," replied Father. "And that, too, is one that the whole world has adopted."

"I always thought that the Germans had the best Christmas music," said Doris.

"I guess that must be because you knew 'Tannenbaum' and 'Silent Night,'" said Father. "All the people of the Christian world have beautiful Christmas songs, and all the great German composers have written Christmas music. You all know the great Oratorio 'The Messiah,' by Handel. And Bach wrote a wonderful 'Christmas Oratorio' also. Both of these composers did an interesting thing in these works. Just before the angels appear to the shepherds there is in each work an orchestral interlude called 'Pastoral Symphony.' I shall let you hear those first and then we will have the great 'Hallelujah Chorus' from the 'Messiah' sung for us. I know how you enjoy that!

"Now, let us try some German carols," said Father, after the phonograph stopped.

"Why, I know that tune! It is 'Maryland, My Maryland,'" cried Dick, after singing 'Tannenbaum.'

"Of course it is," replied Father. "That is one of the many tunes we have made our own in America. If you would go with me through any big city on Christmas Eve you would hear carols sung in all the different languages, for all our foreign born have brought their love for Christmas and song into America."

"'Hark the Herald Angels Sing' is from Germany," said Mother. "That was written by Mendelssohn." Let us try that now."

"And in closing," continued Father, "we will sing a real American carol but one that is fast becoming popular all over the world. The words were written by the true American churchman, Phillips Brooks, and the music is by David Stevens. It is called 'Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem' and it is one of the loveliest Christmas hymns ever written."

"Oh, I can hardly wait for Christmas Eve!"

cried Doris. "Isn't it wonderful that we can celebrate the best day in the whole year with music?"



## THE FIRST NOWEL

THE French word for Christmas is "Noel," so that it is but natural that the songs sung during Christmas season were known as "Noels" or "Nowels," the name being equivalent for "Carols" in England. This song is an English adaptation of an old French "Noel."

Arr. by Henry S. Sawyer

Traditional

*Andante*



1. The first Now-el, the angel did say, Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay, In  
 2. They look-ed up and saw a star Shining in the east be-yond them far, And  
 3. This star drew nigh to the northwest, O'er Beth-le-hem it took its rest, And  
 4. Then en-tered in there wise men three, Full rev-'rent-ly up-on their knee, And  
 fields where they lay keeping their sheep On a cold winter's night that was so deep  
 to the earth it gave great light, And so it con-tinued both day and night.  
 there it did both stop and stay Right o-ver the place where Je-sus lay.  
 of-fer'd there in His pres-ence Their gold and myrrh and frank-in-cense.

CHORUS

Now-el, Now-el, Now-el, Now-el, Born is the King of Is-ra-el.

## ADESTE FIDELES

(O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL.)

THE most famous old Latin Hymn now in use in both Catholic and Protestant churches and always sung at Christmas. The words are an old Italian hymn dating, so some authorities say, to the 13th Century. No one seems agreed as to the composer of the music, but it is said to be the work of John Reading, an English organist of the 18th Century.

Anon (Latin 17th Century). Trans. by F. Oakeley, 1841

JOHN READING (18th Century)



1. O come, all ye faith-ful, Joy-ful and tri-umphant, O come ye, O come ye to  
 2. Sing, choirs of An-gels, Sing in ex-ul-ta-tion, Sing, all ye cit-i-zens of  
 Beth-le-hem; Come and be-hold Him Born the King of An-gels.  
 heavn a-bove: Glo-ry to God In the high-est. O come, let us a-  
 dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him, O come let us a-dore Him, Christ, the Lord.





### Bubble Books

We are in a position to furnish any or all of the fourteen Bubble Books now published. These will be shipped to any address in the United States at the standard price of \$1.00 per book, postage charges paid by us. Bubble Book Records can be played on the Baby Toy Phonograph illustrated on this page.



### Diamond Console Cabinet

Beautiful instrument made expressly for the child. With it, the Bedtime Music Hour will instantly become a daily practice in your home. It would be difficult to choose a more worthy gift of equally enduring charm.

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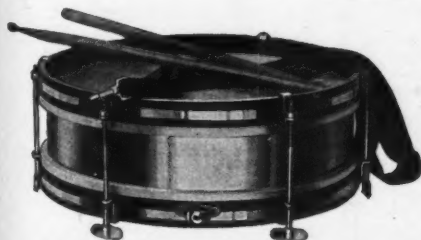
### Saxophone

Although a toy, this Saxophone is almost an exact reproduction of the real instrument. It furnishes an unusual opportunity for acquiring the first rudiments of Saxophone playing. Constructed throughout of heavy brass, highly burnished. Has ten treble keys with two sets of blow and draw reeds accurately tuned. Also two brass keys. Measures 17½ inches in length. Priced at \$4.75.

## The Music House for Children

### Boy Scout Drum

This is a Ludwig and Ludwig drum of true boy size. There is practically no difference between this instrument and a regular orchestral drum. In fact this Boy Scout Drum is used in many orchestras. Adjustable snares and two accurately balanced sticks furnished. Strong high quality sheepskin head. Priced at \$6.00.



### Baby Toy Phonograph

This wonderful toy is designed to play the Bubble Book Records. It will also play any Standard eight-inch record. Substantially made of Metal. Weighs approximately 16 ounces. Priced at \$6.00.



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Of recent years many superb musical records have been produced especially for child entertainment and instruction. The "Bed-Time Music Hour" has become a fixed habit in the daily program of many homes.

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## Fairy

### CHILDRENS VEHICLES

ONCE upon a time a little boy asked Santa to bring him a REAL BIKE just like Daddie's—with big tires, pedals, saddle, handle bar and everything. Of course Santa didn't have any trouble in understanding what this little fellow wanted. He said at once, "Why sure, I will give him a Fairy Bike."

Old Santa always carries a big stock of "Fairies." Each year he makes thousands of little boys and girls happy with a "Fairy" because he knows a "Fairy" almost never causes its rider any trouble. Every part can be quickly and easily replaced by going around the corner to the bicycle repair man.

Put your "Fairy" order in early

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## BALLOON VOLLEY

By Dr. EMMETT DUNN ANGELL—"The Play Man"

**T**OPPO had promised the children a surprise but this was even a greater surprise than anything that they could possibly have anticipated. The famous ex-clown had given them so many happy times and had taught them so many delightful games that Jack and Bert thought that he was just about the best friend that any boys could have. Carol and Elizabeth were as fond of the toy-making clown as were their brothers, but Toppo had been so busy with his Christmas orders for the toys that he built to send to the big city that the weekly games had been omitted for some time.

He had not forgotten them, however.

He had stopped in a few days before the holidays and told the boys and their sisters that if they would be ready at exactly one o'clock the following Wednesday he would have a surprise for them.

And it was a surprise!

At exactly one o'clock the big foreign-looking car belonging to Mr. Rockly, the richest man in town, stopped in front of the Lanes' house. That was surprise number one.

In the car, instead of Mr. Rockly, was Toppo. That was surprise number two.

A little girl jumped out of the car to meet the youngsters. It was Mr. Rockly's granddaughter who had spent part of the previous summer in the village. Surprise number three was especially delightful for Carol and Elizabeth, as Phyllis Rockly had proven the finest little chum that any two girls could have.

"Come, come! Stop the chattering!" laughed Toppo, interrupting the excited youngsters. "We have a long trip to make, so jump in!"

"Now, don't start asking questions all at once," he added, as the chauffeur started the big car, "and I'll tell you all about it."

"When I was with the circus a bunch of us would occasionally go to a children's hospital and give a show for the children who had to stay cooped up while healthy youngsters like you could be out playing games. It wasn't always easy for us to do this, as a circus life doesn't leave the performer much spare time, but when we could do it we never regretted the extra work. It made the hospital children so happy that we felt pretty well repaid."

"Well, that's what we are going to do today. We are going to a school for crippled





children, about ten miles this side of the city, and old Toppo is going to be a clown again for an hour."

"And we'll see you act just as you did when you were in the circus!" exclaimed Jack. "My, that will be great!"

"Oh, this is just about the best Christmas party that I ever even heard about!" gleefully shouted Elizabeth, hugging Carol and Phyllis in her delight.

They were in the reception room of the school, and while the matron and teachers helped the children take off their wraps, Toppo disappeared. They were then taken to a big room and there were the children of the school. Some were in wheel chairs, others had crutches, but in spite of their handicaps they were just as bright and happy as any children. They were also just as excited and eager as any group of children would be who were awaiting the entrance of a world-famous clown. It was their Christmas celebration and it promised to be a delightful one.

The big door at one end of the room was thrown open and there was Toppo; not the Toppo that the children who had come with him knew, but the Toppo whose fame as a fun-maker was known from ocean to ocean. He was grotesque—with the funny pantaloons, the comical chalked face, the big feet with flapping toes!

And the tricks he did, and the falls that tangled him up with tables and chairs! Was there ever a clown so funny as Toppo? Never! Forty little cripples, shouting and laughing, could have told you that never in all the wide world was there another half so funny.

When Toppo answered the tenth encore—and there would have been ten more for they just wouldn't let him go—he came to the middle of the room and paused.

"Well, little friends," he said, "do you know what the next thing on the program is going to be? It's going to be a game and I am going to be the umpire."

Directed by Toppo the teachers brought

in a long table and then two teams were formed. Jack and Phyllis were chosen for one of the teams while Carol, Elizabeth and Bert were on the other. All of the children on one team sat facing one side of the table, in two rows. All of the others were facing them from the opposite side of the table. Those who had wheel chairs rolled them up to

the table and the youngsters on crutches scrambled into position with ordinary chairs.

"Now we are ready," said Toppo, "and the game is called Balloon Volley.

"This ball," continued the clown, producing one brightly colored with red, white and blue striping, "is just an ordinary toy balloon with a cover on it. Your teachers can make the cover if this wears out and you can get the balloon at any toy store.

"I will throw the ball up between the two teams and whenever the ball touches the floor in back of either team it counts a point for the opposing team.

"One team bats one way and the other team bats the opposite way, and you are to try to bat the ball over the heads of your opponents. It takes seven points to win a game."

The game was on and the light ball was volleyed back and forth, with squeals of

delight when a point was scored. They played for nearly an hour and when the final deciding game was completed they wanted more, and Toppo promised that he would surely come again.

Returning to the village in the Rockly automobile, every detail of their wonderful day was discussed exuberantly by the children.

It had been a big day.

"I think it was pretty fine for you to do all those tricks," said Jack admiringly. "They were great!"

"I think that the best thing Mr. Toppo did was teaching them Balloon Volley," said Elizabeth thoughtfully.

"Why?" demanded Jack. "The tricks were much harder."

"That's just the reason—those were much harder," answered Elizabeth slowly.

"Mr. Toppo's circus tricks were just fine. I loved the tricks, of course, but crippled children couldn't do them. But they can play that game over and over again and I just think a game like that—to make children happy over and over again—is just about the best sort of a Christmas present."

"You are right, Elizabeth dear," Toppo said approvingly, "tricks are lots of fun to see, but a game that we all can play is a precious possession."





### LITTLE WOMEN: or Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy

New Popular Illustrated Edition

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Verses by **EDWARD and JOSEPH ANTHONY**

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# YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S

Designed by LAURA VALENTINE. With Patterns



LAURA  
VALENTINE  
STYLES  
CHICAGO PARIS

MARY CRAIG has come to spend the Christmas holidays with you. She has three little frocks to wear to school or church or to a party with you when you wear the one Mother will make you just like Mary Craig's. No. 4116 is of plaid suiting with bandings of taffeta. It is pretty in the new jersey weaves or in serge with the silk bindings or in crepe de chine with velvet bindings. It comes in sizes 6, 8, 10, and 12 years.

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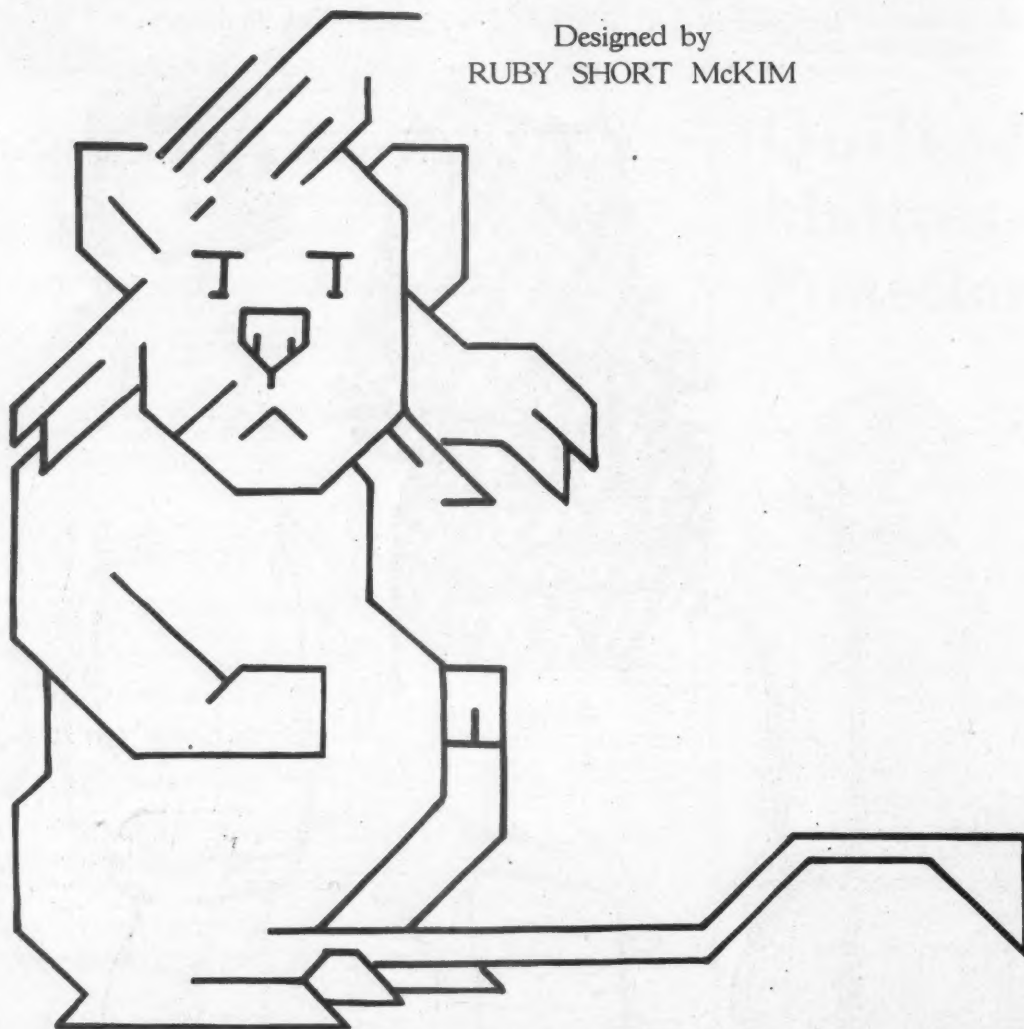
No. 4118 is of serge or challie or jersey trimmed with contrasting shades of material, or even an English wash print bound with black satin or a colored satin or taffeta to match color scheme of dress. The little skirt is mounted on a lining, and if made of the English chintz it will be nice bound with sateen. Sizes 6, 8, 10, and 12 years.

Miss Valentine is always delighted to answer any questions Mother may care to ask if she will send in a stamped self-addressed envelope to Laura Valentine, CHILD LIFE Magazine, Rand McNally & Company, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill. Each pattern 20 cents.

Our new quarterly fashion booklet now ready, 25 cents

# ALICE IN WONDERLAND QUILTIE No. 17

Designed by  
RUBY SHORT McKIM



**P**ERHAPS you thought the Lion was always King of Beasts, but—

The Lion and the Unicorn were fighting for the crown:

The Lion beat the Unicorn all round the town. Some gave them white bread, some gave them brown:

Some gave them plum-cake and drummed them out of town.

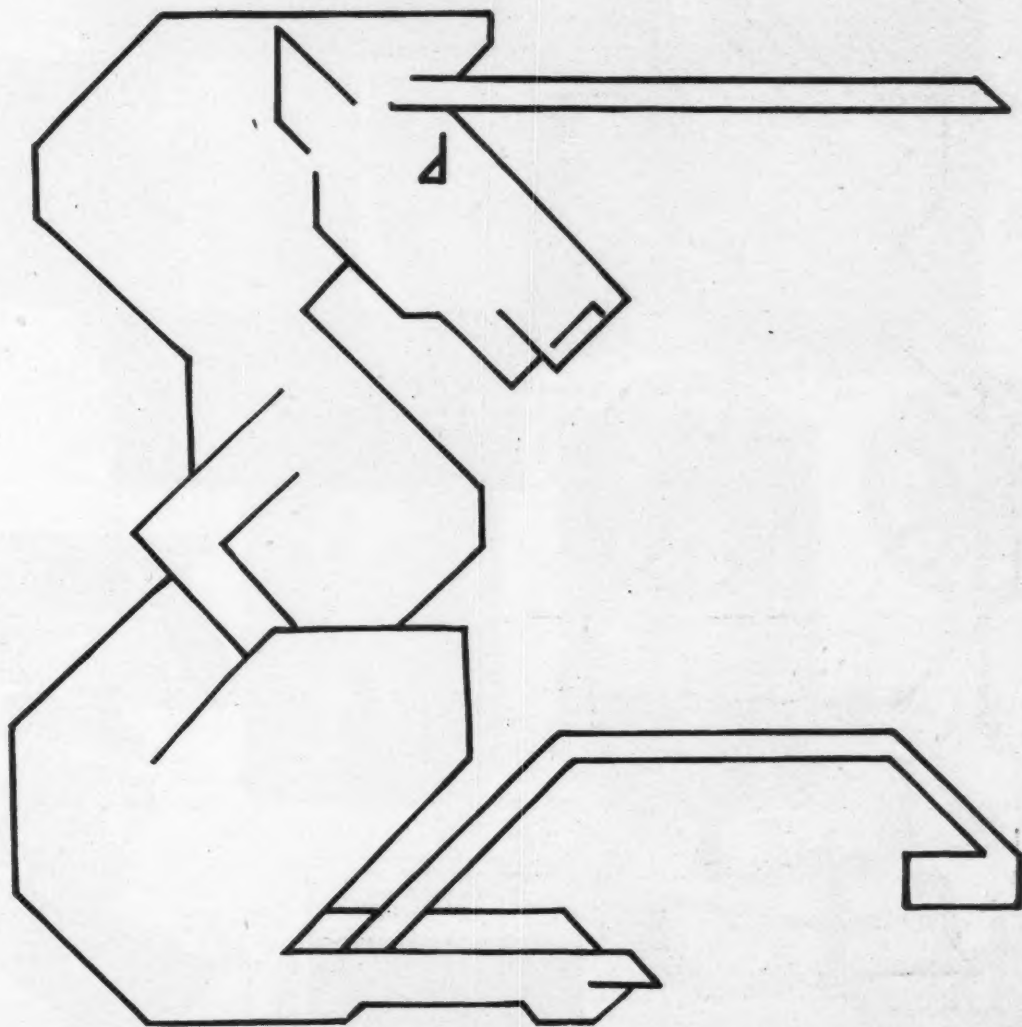
This is the very Lion. He was used to Unicorns, Chess Kings and plum-cakes, but he had never seen a child, so he asked Alice whether she were animal, vegetable or mineral. Certainly all Quilties are animals or they would not be so much fun.

To change the drawing into a quilt

block, get a smoothly ironed piece of muslin ten inches square, and a blue or black piece of carbon paper. Lay the muslin down on a flat surface. Place the carbon paper over it. On top of the carbon paper place the above drawing. Stick pins around the design so it will be held firmly in place over the carbon and the muslin. Then, so that the traced lines will be perfectly straight; lay a ruler along the lines of the drawing. Trace over the lines of the drawing and the pattern will be transferred through the carbon to the muslin. Then you can outline stitch the lines on the muslin and have the pattern in thread. There are twenty drawings in all; just enough squares for a child's quilt.

# ALICE IN WONDERLAND QUILTIE No. 18

Designed by RUBY SHORT McKIM



I THOUGHT Unicorns were fabulous monsters, but it seems the Unicorn thought the same of Alice. In fact, he called her Monster, and taught her how to serve a looking-glass plum-cake. "Hand it round first, and cut it afterward," he said, and it worked splendidly except there was none left for herself, or to cut.

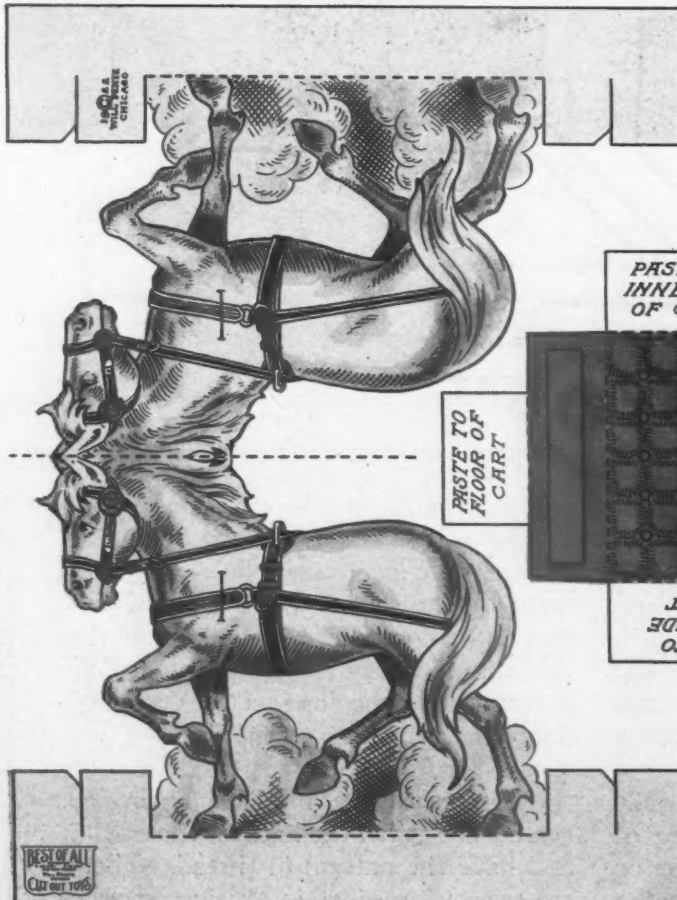
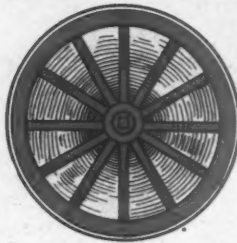
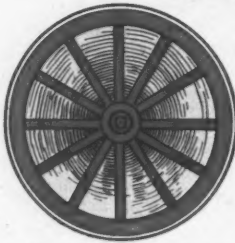
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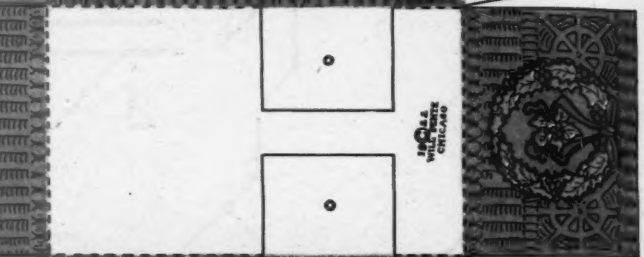


# MENEE'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

DESIGNED AND PATENTED  
By WILL DENTE



PASTE TO  
INNER SIDE  
OF CART



PASTE TO  
INNER SIDE  
OF CART



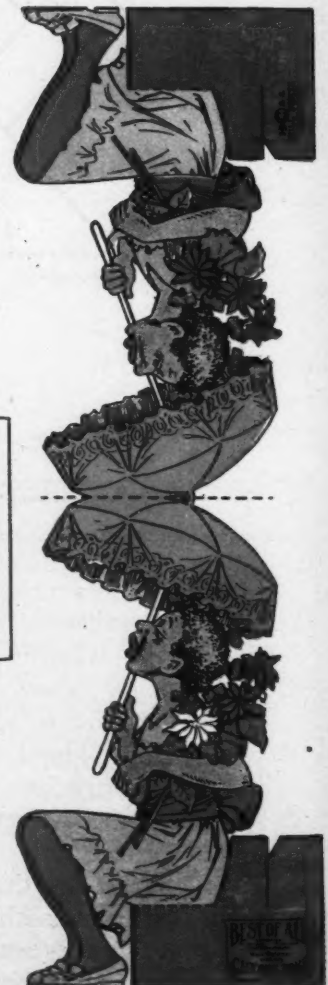
PASTE TO  
INNER SIDE  
OF CART

PASTE TO  
INNER SIDE  
OF CART

PASTE TO  
FLOOR OF  
CART

PASTE TO INNER SIDE  
AT REAR OF CART

PASTE TO  
INNER SIDE  
OF CART



## Directions for making "BEST OF ALL" Cut Out Toys

**B**EFORE cutting out these toys paste them on heavy paper. The wheels should be mounted on cardboard with a blank piece of paper pasted on the reverse side to keep them from warping. When thoroughly dry score the dotted lines and cut out the toys, cutting into the lines of the bases of the pony and mence to make the locks. Cut the black lines on the bottom of the cart before folding the sides into position, as these form the axle supports. Fold over on the dotted line

on the pony's head, then on the dotted lines on the bases, but in opposite directions as shown on the little figure. Bring the bases together, sliding the tabs from one side into the locks on the opposite side. Mence folds and locks the same way. Use a toothpick for an axle as shown. Fold the seat of the cart on the dotted line and paste into position. The ends of the shafts are gently forced into the slots on the pony's sides when hitching her up. Use black thread for reins which Mence will hold in her left hand.



*M*others—you know how much physical comfort means in keeping a child sweet tempered. You appreciate also that underwear, being next to the tender skin, has much to do with a child's comfort.



To be sure of getting Fall and Winter underwear for your children that is most comfortable for them and most economical for you, look for the red "M" in the wreath. It's a certainty of satisfaction.

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*The Children's Own Magazine*

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536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois

Send promptly without charge to me your catalog  
of "Books for Children and Guide to Selection."

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## THE DAVENPORT TRAIN

ELLA FACHINATO

WHEN mother moves the davenport,  
To sweep the dust away,  
It changes then into a fort,  
Or to a train, some way.  
And I am the conductor man—  
The whistle blows, toot-toot!  
The bell's a spoon and old tin pan,  
The train goes choo-choo-choo!

A train is more fun than a fort,  
And so we play that most.  
My dollies have just sailed to port  
And over land they coast,  
Glad to return from foreign lands,  
They both sit very still.  
I take their tickets as we steam  
Off toward the window sill.

### STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

OF CHILD LIFE, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October, 1922.  
STATE OF ILLINOIS }  
COUNTY OF COOK }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Fred L. McNally, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Managing Editor and Bus. Mgr. of CHILD LIFE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Rand McNally & Company, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois; Editor, Rose Waldo, 2419 N. Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois; Managing Editor, Fred L. McNally, 230 E. Delaware Place, Chicago, Illinois; Business Manager, Fred L. McNally, 230 E. Delaware Pl., Chicago, Ill.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock).

Rand McNally & Company—a Corporation. Harry B. Clow and Andrew F. W. McNally, Trustees of Estate of Andrew McNally, deceased, 536-538 S. Clark St., Chicago; Andrew F. W. McNally, 536-538 S. Clark St., Chicago; James McNally, 536-538 S. Clark St., Chicago; Sabina R. Arnold, Western Springs, Illinois; Mrs. Wm. H. Milchack, Nazareth, Pennsylvania; Clara M. Hohl, 6 Edgewood Pl., New Rochelle, N. Y.; Mrs. Florence Pierce Mott, care Whitney Central Nat'l Bank, New Orleans, La.; Robert P. Payne, 176 E. 6th St., St. Paul, Minn.; F. D. Payne, 3631 Bosworth Ave., Chicago; Louise P. Bunta, 550 Surf St., Chicago; Andrew McNally, Trustee for Wyles McNally, 538 S. Clark St., Chicago; Mary A. B. MacKenzie, 1161 Monadnock Bldg., Chicago; E. C. Buehring, 536-538 S. Clark Street, Chicago; Eleanor V. McNally, 1308 Asbury Ave., Evanston, Ill.; Jessie Hessert, 547 Fullerton Parkway, Chicago; Julia Hessert, Drake Hotel, Chicago; Gustav Hessert, Trustee for Marie Hessert and Fred Hessert, 536-538 S. Clark St., Chicago.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more, of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None that I know of.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is ..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

FRED L. McNALLY, Managing Editor

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September 1922.

MICHAEL MOTT.

SEAL

My commission expires August 3rd, 1925

## Make It a Happier Christmas

Give the little girls and boys  
you know a complete set of

Margaret Evans Price  
Colored Cut-Out Dolls

Three suit combinations, in  
colors, for each doll. New assort-  
ment contains many dolls already  
cut out and mounted on card-  
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Endorsed by all kindergarten instructors

New Assortment — \$1.00

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tee to refund money if they  
disappoint you in any way.

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### *The Night Before Christmas*

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house  
 Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse,  
 When Santa approached without making a sound  
 And came in a room where three children he found.  
 They were dreaming of him, and the gifts he would bring,  
 And he saw that he had not forgotten a thing.  
 One wanted a shiny red Ride-a-Way new,  
 Another a Scoot-a-Way, steelbilt all through,  
 So he left them, along with a Walk-a-Way small  
 For baby-boy Tommy, the youngest of all!  
 Now, won't you be happy with METALCRAFT TOYS,  
 When you wake Christmas morning, like these girls and boys?

Ask your dealer for these new METALCRAFT  
 PLAY-ONS. If he hasn't them, send us a card  
 and we'll tell you where you can buy them

MADE BY

**METALLIC INDUSTRIES, Inc.** SAINT LOUIS





## MILLET, THE PEASANT PAINTER

By MAXINE DAVIS

**I**'LL bet you don't dare knock that chip off!"

Little Jean François Millet was six years old, and he thought himself very strong indeed as he puffed out his chest under his little blue blouse, actually daring a boy over seven to fight him.

Who but a coward could refuse? Not a boy who was seven, to be sure, although it wasn't altogether fair because François was younger and a little smaller.

And then their fists flew. All the other boys in the school yard gathered around. But those who cheered the most were François' own brothers. They were very proud of their younger brother's strength, and it was they who had arranged the fight. It was the first day of school. François' very first day!

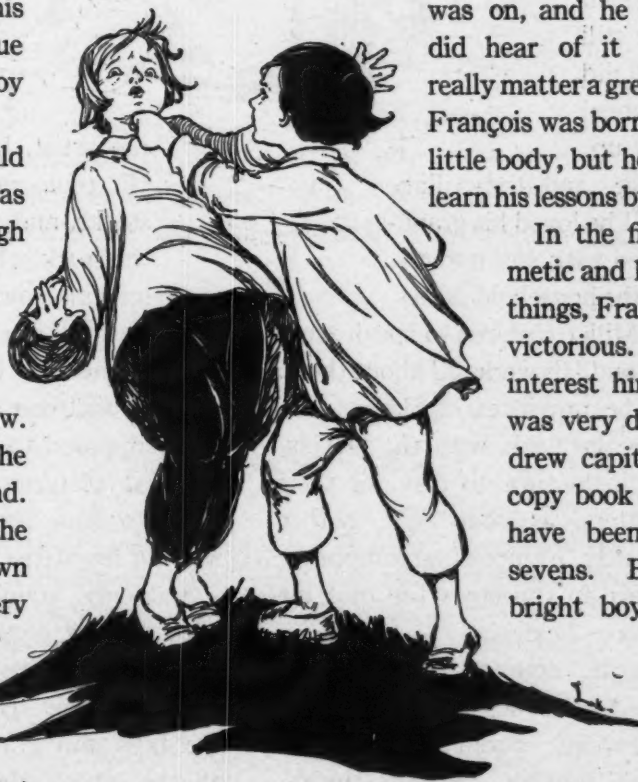
Of course he made a triumphant entry among the children, for did he not beat a

boy a year older? In the eyes of the boys François covered himself with glory. But not in the eyes of the schoolmaster. The master was not in the school when the battle was on, and he knew when he did hear of it that it didn't really matter a great deal, because François was born with his strong little body, but he would have to learn his lessons by his real efforts.

In the fight with arithmetic and history and such things, François was not so victorious. Sums did not interest him at all, and he was very dull indeed. He drew capital letters in his copy book when he should have been learning his sevens. But he was a bright boy, for God had given him as good a mind as he had a healthy body, and his

answers to questions were always intelligent.

When he was twelve years old, and went to be confirmed at Grèville, the little French





town near which he lived, the priest asked the boy if he did not wish to be taught Latin so that he might enter the Church, or perhaps become a doctor.

"No," François answered steadily, "I want to stay with my parents in the country."

You see, François was the son of a Normandy peasant. Normandy is a part of France. It was in the village of Gruchy set high in the somber cliffs by the sea, that Jean François was born. The boy grew up in the town which had one long rambling street leading down to the shore, to the wonders of the waves and seaweed and singing shells. But on the other side of Gruchy were good fields, and strong, well-thatched houses that had been standing a long time before our hero was born, a hundred and more years ago, and which are probably still standing, so well did the builders work!

François grew up, loving the village, and the village folk. Most of all he loved his grandmother who lived with his parents, and attended to the household duties, and taught the Millet children to speak truly and to love God and His works all about them.

You see, in the provinces of France, the mothers work in the fields with the fathers, and have very little time to care for their sons and daughters, as your dear mother does. Consequently François' grandmother occupied the place in the boy's life that his mother might have held.

From his simple, country-loving grandmother he learned to see light and color and hear music everywhere. From her he learned to love the purple heather, growing sturdily among the frowning rocks, and the colors of the sunset gleaming on the wheat. He learned to listen for the songs of "his little sisters,

the birds." But most of all, she taught him to live uprightly, to love the plain small things about him, and to do what was right, whatever the consequences might be.

From his father also, François learned to love the world about him. His world was all of plantings, and plowings, and harvests.

And at first when he had to learn laboriously how to bind the hay after he had mown it, how to cut a furrow straight and clean, how to take out the weeds that tried to crowd out the young grain, he had time for nothing else.

But even when he was a little boy, his father showed him beauty in homeliness.

He would show him God in a daisy, stopping for an instant in his work to point the lesson, and then going on.

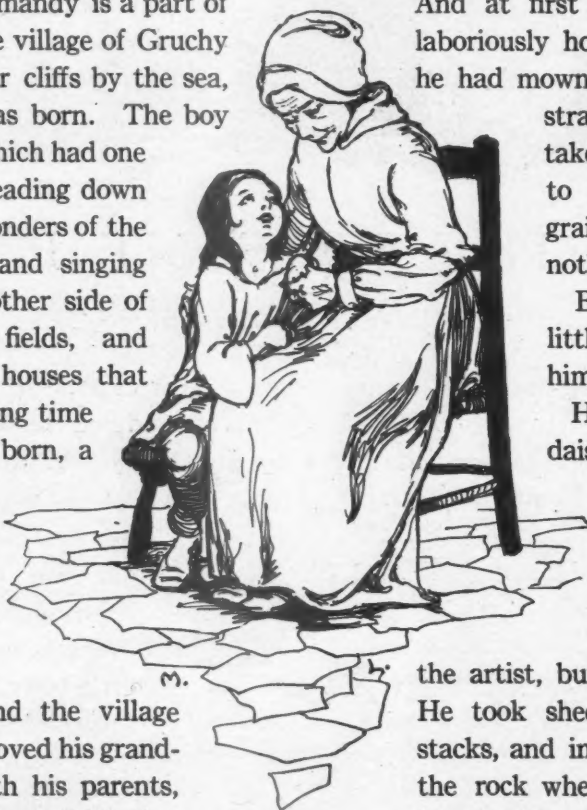
For Jean Louis Millet had the soul of

the artist, but not the fingers of one. He took sheer delight in golden haystacks, and in the sea beating against the rock when it stormed. Can you imagine how delighted he was when his

son, one day, after looking at some engravings in the old Bible, tried to draw some pictures and one could recognize what they were supposed to be? François copied some of these pictures many times, using white chalk to draw them with and the old stone wall for his slate.

Suddenly young François was delighted with making pictures of the things he saw. Of course, he was usually too busy to make many of them. But at noon, when all except the bees and grasshoppers were still, when all the others who worked beside him were asleep, he would sit and draw.

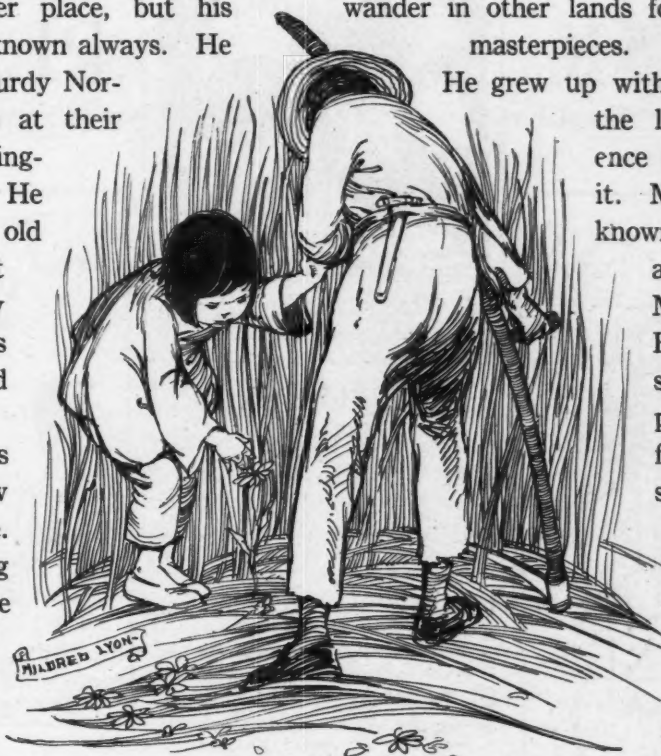
At first he only drew the things he saw, still things, the rocks and trees, the old church,



the golden haystacks and the waving grain.

But after a while, he began to draw people. And the people were not great ladies and gentlemen of another place, but his friends that he had known always. He liked to watch the sturdy Normandy peasant girls at their work, and the men swinging their scythes. He liked to draw the old people working at their tasks. And by and by others saw his drawings and liked them, too.

François was eighteen when he drew his first great picture. As he was coming home from church he met an old bent man shuffling along with a cane. François seized a piece of charcoal and on a stone wall drew a picture of the old man. The village people passing by were delighted with it. And so were the Millets who sent François to a good teacher.



Jean François Millet was content with his lot. He was grateful for the picturesque scenes around him, and did not wish to wander in other lands for subjects for his masterpieces.

He grew up with the fondness for the land, and a reverence for Him who made it. Millet, the world-known artist, was never anything more than Millet, the joyous French peasant, who showed in his pictures his love for the simple home scenes.

And perhaps on the wall of your own schoolroom, and surely down the hall, you will find one of his pictures. Perhaps it is "The Angelus," which you know so well, or perhaps it is "The Gleaners," which makes even the wintertime September.

## MY WINDOW-GARDEN

MARGARET MUNSTERBERG

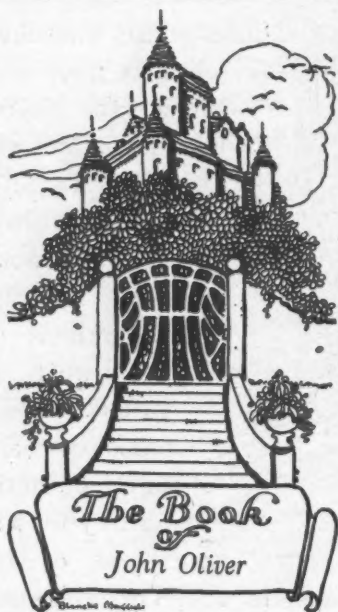
JACK FROST blew on my window  
And made white flowers grow;  
They are the winter flowers,  
They blossom in the snow.

He always comes at midnight  
My window flowers to plant.  
I want to thank you, Mister!  
But when I sleep, I can't.



**Book Plates  
Make Unusual and Popular  
Christmas Gifts**

# BOOK



## More About the Plates

These pictures show the actual size of book plates.

The designs, by well-known artists for children, are beautifully printed on tinted Japanese vellum.



## THE CHILD'S OWN

**I**F ANYTHING can add to a child's joy in owning a book it is these two things: to have his family and playmates know about it, and to stamp his book indelibly with the sign manual of possession. The latter, as a rule, consists of writing his name all over the inside cover.

With this pride of ownership in mind, and to encourage the young reader not only to care for his books, but to begin early to build up a little library of his own, Rand McNally & Company have prepared the charming little book plates shown on this page.

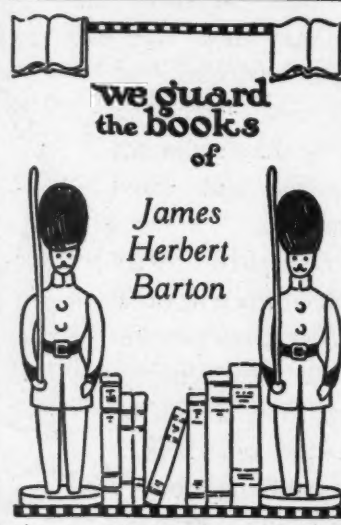
At a glance, one can understand a child's delight in pasting on the inside cover of his book one of these hall marks of ownership—a card announcing to his world—"this book is mine."

The plates encourage neatness. They do away with soiled pencil script and names scrawled much too large for the space. Besides giving to the child an individual design, each plate carries the name—entered at order—in clear, attractive type.



**Gifts That Will Please  
Every Boy and Girl**

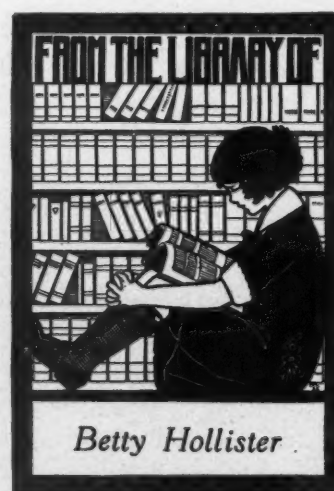
# PLATES



## How to Get Them

Any plate—with name printed in at order—will be furnished for \$3.50 a hundred; or with one year's subscription to the magazine, **CHILD LIFE**, together with an additional \$2.50.

If you want your children to treasure their books, give them this little building stone toward a library.



536 S. Clark Street

**RAND McNALLY & COMPANY, Publishers**

Chicago, Ill.





## OUR BOOK FRIENDS

By AVIS FREEMAN MEIGS

*Former Childrens' Librarian, Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, Detroit Public Library. Present Librarian, Public Schools, Long Beach, California*

IN E. Boyd Smith's "Seashore Book" there is a picture of a group of children looking out to sea.

Perhaps you remember the sentences beneath the picture: "What they see off there in space is something more real than the tint of waters and the face of the clouds; something they love. They look for the boats that sailed for the fishing grounds, and must now soon appear on the horizon, bringing back, besides their full cargoes of shrimps, uncles and older brothers and fathers." When we read books or buy them for gifts we search for something very similar. While we like the new stories and poems, with their bright covers and cheerful pictures, we are happiest with the old favorites. First come the books that everyone has read — "Bible Stories," "Aesop," "Mother Goose," Grimm and Andersen's "Fairy Tales," "Robinson Crusoe," "Alice in Wonderland." The stories about Mowgli and Pinocchio and Aladdin and the Princess and Boots are their first cousins. They are our best friends and no one could help liking them. We have almost forgotten that "Davy and the Goblin" and "The Peterkins" and the little boy in "The Magic Forest" were once newcomers, that they had to make our acquaintance and we had to make theirs. We forget easily because from the first meeting, they are such fun and behave quite as though we had known them always.

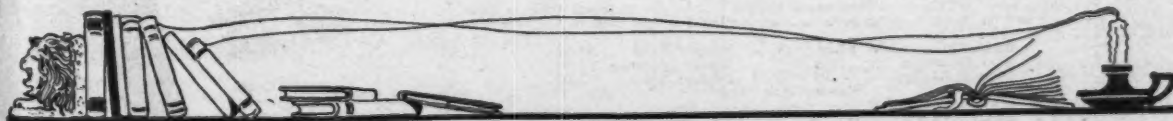
Someone remarked not so very long ago that he liked "Baron Munchausen" because the stories about him showed that whenever people brag they get beaten. Perhaps you'd call those tales 'fish stories'. If so, you must tell me a better one. The shoemaker in "The Little Man with One Shoe" has a new way of telling stories and it seems more modest than the method of the Baron. "The Two Little Misogynists" by Carl

Spitteler is the story of two Swiss cadets. The boys travel alone in a mailcoach, have adventures with a little girl, Gesima, and meet a Queer Looking Man. Gerold likes the fellow for he lives in a mossy cabin, wears a green crocodile on his watch chain and never minds foolish questions. "Chico" by Lucy M. Blanchard is the story of an Italian boy and girl who are given a baby pigeon. The old caretaker helps the children feed and train the bird until it is loved by all Venice and known throughout Italy.

Dickens' "Magic Fishbone" is about a King and a Queen and their nineteen children. While Alicia, the oldest daughter, is general overseer of the household, she really owes a great deal to the King, her father. One morning on his way to the office, the King stops in Mr. Pickles' fish shop and purchases a pound and a half of salmon, not too near the tail. After that, family affairs improve . . . not immediately, of course, but in proper season. "The Boy Who Lived in Pudding Lane" by Sarah Addington is a "true account, if you only believe it, of the life and ways of Santa, oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Claus." The story gives a full account of Santa's boyhood and has gossip in it about the Pudding Lane neighbors, many of whom are Mother Goose characters.

### FROM THE NEW BOOKS

- Boy Who Lived in Pudding Lane - - - By Sarah Addington  
ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS.
- Chico, the story of a homing pigeon - - - By Lucy M. Blanchard  
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.
- Children's Munchausen - - - Retold by John Martin  
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.
- Little Man with One Shoe - - - By Margery Bailey  
LITTLE, BROWN & CO.
- Magic Fishbone - - - By Charles Dickens  
FREDERICK WARNE & CO.
- Two Little Misogynists - - - By Carl Spitteler  
HENRY HOLT & CO.





## What Does Christmas Mean To Your Little Girl?

**I**S SHE to look forward to the same few toys she has always known, the only ones ever made for girls, while brother revels in the great assortment of boys' toys. Didn't it ever occur to you that she might like something new and different? It has to me and that is why you will find in the stores this Christmas:

**La Velle  
Toys**

*MADE ESPECIALLY FOR GIRLS*

Only a girl will ever know what little girls like—I know that just as you do, so I've built these entirely new toys around the thing dearest to their hearts—sewing—cooking—dressmaking—painting—bead work—wicker work—just the kind of things in which you want your daughter interested, for her own pleasure and to train her mind and little hands along the right paths.

Each outfit is complete in itself with an attractive assortment of material. In the Little Dressmaker you will find sample stitches both useful and ornamental. A little doll whose clothes are to be made with the aid of the pattern and dainty materials is included. There are scissors just built for little hands, pins, thimble, hooks and eyes, ribbons and a clearly written and illustrated book describing many things about sewing. And this little outfit is only indicative of the many others. Each one is fashioned with thought and care. Make your little daughter happy this Christmas with a La Velle Toy.

*La Velle*

You can secure La Velle Toys from many dealers. If unable to locate them in your city send us your check or money order to cover and we will mail them to you postpaid.

Little Dressmaker	\$2.50	Wicker Work	\$1.50
Clay Modeling	2.00	Water Coloring	1.00
Crystal Beads	1.50	Little Cook	2.00
Wonder Wax	\$1.50		

Little  
Dressmaker

Wicker Work

Clay Modeling

Little Cook

a Velle  
Links

LA VELLE MFG. CO.

Dept. D

New Haven, Conn.



## TYPES OF CHILDREN

### AXIZ OF THE DESERT

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

Author of the *Mary Jane* series, *Foxy Squirrel in the Garden*, *Bobby Robin* and his Neighbors, *Junior Cook Book*, *The Camp at Gravel Point*, etc

**A**XIZ pulled aside the curtains and looked out.

As far as the eye could see, the yellow desert stretched before him, lying bare and shining under the scorching sun. Not the desert American girls and boys picture as they study geography in school—flat as a table and covered with smooth, clean sand.

Oh, no! The desert of Arabia was much more interesting than that! For every wind blew up great rolling hills of sand and cut out huge, scooped-out valleys in between. Not one bit like a table was it, as Axiz very well knew. A table would be easy to find one's way across, but to keep the trail among these shifting hills of sand took skill and training—all the skill and experience

that an expert traveller like Axiz's father had gained.

"It's almost time," said Axiz, as he carefully noticed the waving heat lines rising

blindingly from the sand, "I know we will stop soon!"

"Then wrap your head cloth tightly around your head, son," said his mother kindly, "and make ready. When your father comes to let us down, perhaps he will allow you to help him like a man, as you want to. Remember, be obedient and be ready, my son!"

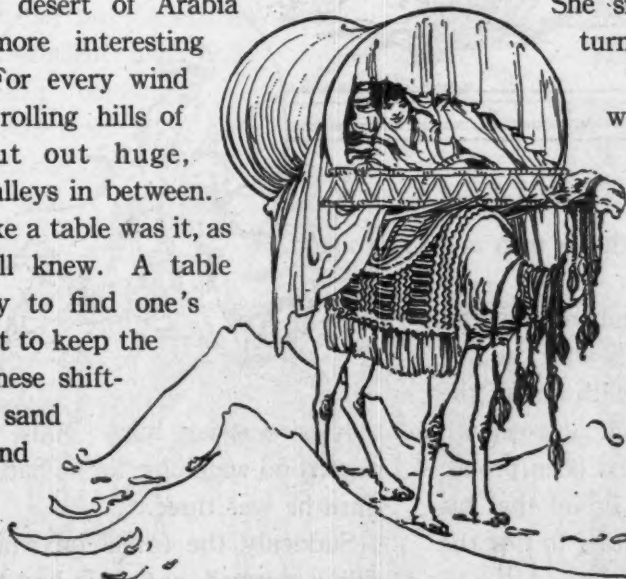
She smiled at him as he eagerly turned to look at her.

"Do you really think Father will let me, Mother?" he answered happily. "May good luck be with me!"

Axiz and his mother and little brother had been traveling these many days in a caravan train across the desert. Axiz's father made his living by going to Persia with supplies from the western side of the desert and

returning

with great packs of silks and jewelry and woolen stuffs from the eastern side. It was slow traveling—not the least bit like dashing along behind a powerful engine on smooth rails of shining





steel. Axiz would not have known what to think of an engine and train of cars if he had seen one, and it would likely be years before one ever would come his way. Instead he knew the 'train' of the desert—a line of camels, those curious animals that can go for days, when necessary, without water; animals that have soft cushioned feet just right for plodding through the soft, hot sand.

Axiz and his mother and brother usually stayed safely at home, but now that baby brother was older, they were taking the journey, too, riding under a cushioned canopy on top of the safest camel his father owned.

How Axiz did hate riding there all the time with his mother and little brother! For, much as he loved them, he was Arab enough to feel proudly that now that he was older he should be riding with his father's men and helping in the day's work.

His face flushed as he remembered how his father had laughed last evening when he had begged to be allowed to ride with one of the drivers instead of under the silk canopy with his mother. But his father had been proud, too; Axiz saw that. He was proud that his son was not soft and lazy, wanting to ride the easiest way.

Again Axiz pulled aside the curtains and looked for the welcome resting place.

There it was—the refreshing oasis!

There it was! And just as his father had predicted, it looked almost too good to be true! Right there ahead, on the left, three great palm trees rose out of one of the little desert valleys, making an oasis that looked very restful and welcome to sand-wearied eyes.

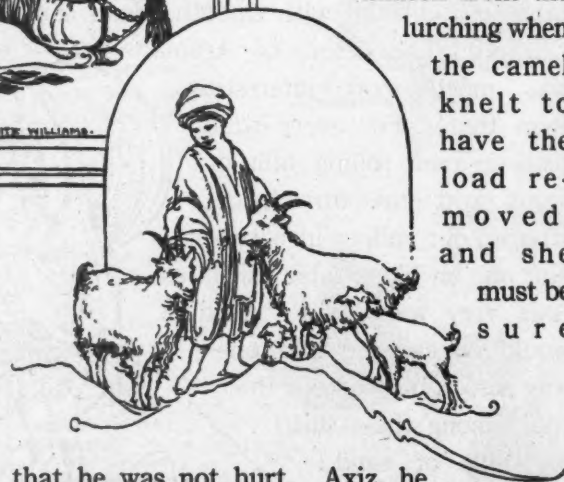
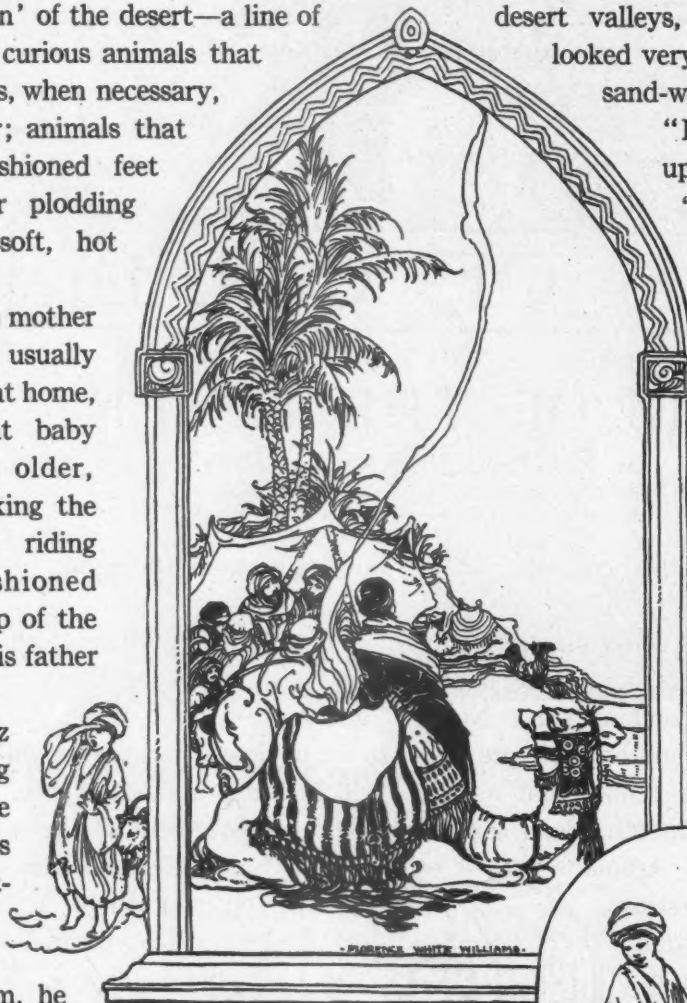
"How quickly we come upon it!" exclaimed Axiz.

"I look and nothing but sand do I see. I look again, and green trees with grass beneath them appear before my eyes!

"Look, mother!" he continued, peering out from the canopy. "Now we stop. See? The first camel is already down."

His mother caught the baby brother in her arms. He had not yet learned to steady himself from the

lurching when the camel knelt to have the load removed, and she must be sure



that he was not hurt. Axiz, he needed no watching, for he had ridden camels since he was three.

Suddenly the camel on which they were riding stopped, and Axiz had that queer unexpected feeling he always had when that steady, rolling motion ceased. Then there was a lurch forward—the camel was going

down—a lurch backward, and then, when any but an Arab boy would suppose the camel was down flat, there was that third lurch as the camel settled down, comfortably resting.

Axiz watched his chance and, pushing aside the curtain, he slid carefully to the sand. Not this time did he intend to wait for help from his busy father.

Running along the line of crouching camels, he found his father at the head of the train.

"Father," he announced eagerly, "I am here. Please give me a task."

His father glanced at him as though to laugh and then, as though for the first time, he looked at the boy's strong muscles, straight back, and intelligent eyes. As man to man he measured him, seeing his son, not as a child, but as a person.

"Yonder on the third camel," he said as he finished looking, "you will find two goats and their kids. Take them to the spring and water them. When they have drunk, let them eat from the grass near the edge of the oasis." And he turned on his heel and went about his business.

How Axiz thrilled with pride! Not in words did his father need to tell him now that he was counted as an older boy; Arabs use few words. That straight look and the businesslike command told Axiz better than a hundred sentences that his father was proud of him and

would trust him. Axis lifted his head.

Running back to the third camel, he climbed up and got the goats, and then set them down on the sand where they were glad to stretch cramped legs and run.

When they had had plenty of water, Axiz took them to a grazing place in the shade of a palm tree and there he watched them.

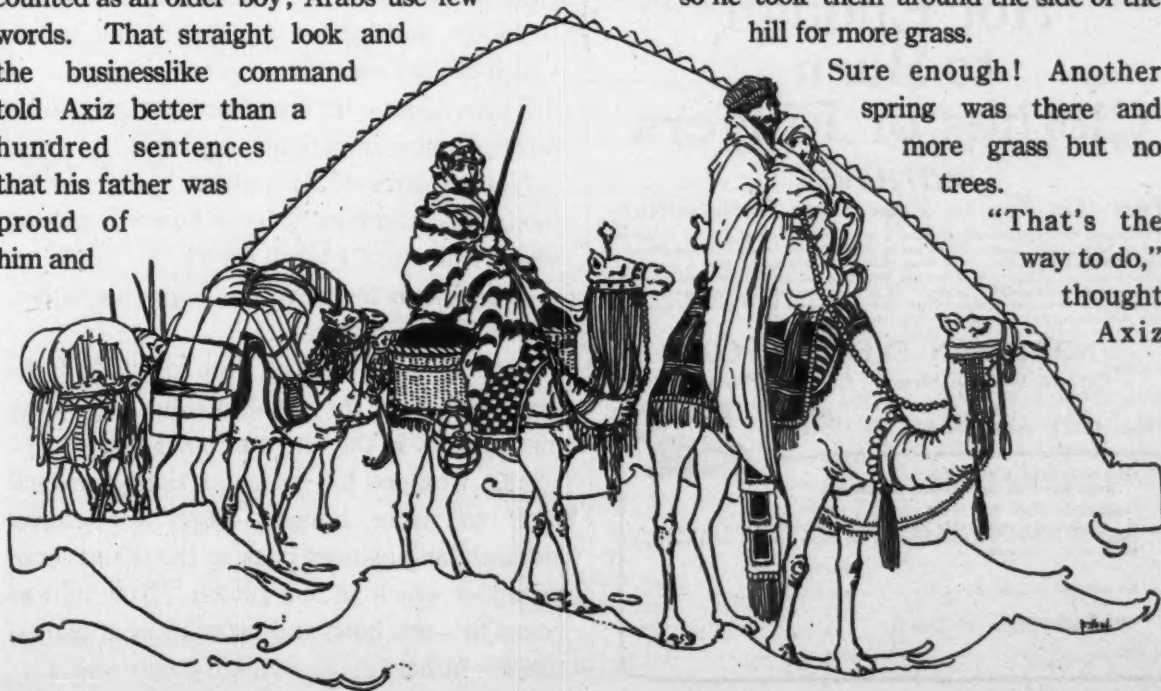
When the sun waxed hotter and the hour of the siesta came, Axiz hunted two thongs and tethered the goats where the sun would not hurt them. Then he stretched himself out for a rest. He, a desert boy, did not need to be told what to do when the scorching sun at noontide made both work and play equally impossible.

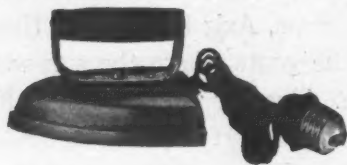
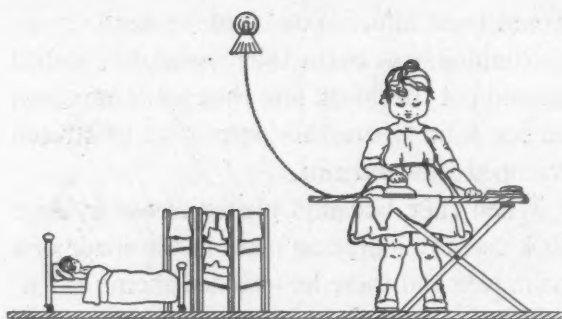
Late in the afternoon a tiny breeze sprang up. The little camp stirred with life and shook off the heat stupor. Water boys filled the water skins ready for the evening journey; cook prepared a meal over quickly-made fires, and Axiz's father inspected the loads to see that all was well. During this season of the year they would travel late into the cool night instead of under the hot sun of the day.

An hour there would be before starting and Axiz wanted to give the goats plenty of food, so he took them around the side of the hill for more grass.

Sure enough! Another spring was there and more grass but no trees.

"That's the way to do," thought Axiz





**A Real  
Electric Iron for  
Christmas**

*The Midget*

**Toy Electric Iron  
Can Never Get  
Hot Enough  
to Burn  
Clothes or Fingers**

**MOTHERS**

**Test this Toy to Your Own Satisfaction**

It is natural that you should consider a toy electric iron as a risky thing to give a child, but we want you to prove in your own home that the Midget Toy Electric iron cannot burn even though it is plugged into a standard lighting socket. That is why we are glad to send the Midget Toy Electric iron for you to personally inspect. If you then return it, your money will be promptly refunded. More than thirty thousand little girls are playing with this instructive toy to-day. *Weight complete 1 3/4 lbs.*

**NORTHERN ELECTRIC CO.**

212 N. Sheldon Street, Chicago, Illinois

**FILL OUT AND MAIL**

NORTHERN ELECTRIC CO.  
Dept. CL-D, 212 N. Sheldon St., Chicago

Gentlemen:

Please mail a Midget Toy Electric Iron. If I do not care to keep the iron, I will return it to you within five days, and you are to refund the \$3.00, which I am enclosing.

My name is .....

Our street number is .....

City.....State.....

to himself proudly. "Only a stupid stays right by the train. I hunt good feed for my stock." And he strutted proudly beside the goats, imagining to himself that he was a rich man taking a camel train a long journey.

On they went, the goats grazing eagerly, Axiz dreaming day dreams.

Suddenly Axiz stopped dreaming and stared around. Which way had they come? Around on all sides were hills of golden sand. For the life of him, Axiz couldn't tell where the train was camping.

Had there been time, he could have climbed to the top of the nearest hill and looked for the palm trees. But the sun, sinking in the sky, told Axiz that he had already stayed too long. The train would be moving.

"I will think," he told himself. "I will make haste slowly."

So down on the sand he sat, while the goats looked on wonderingly. And as he sat thinking, he looked carefully this way and that—all seemed alike. Wait! What was that?

Smoke! A last breath of smoke as the cook spread sand over the coals.

"I find!" cried Axiz in vast relief. He caught the kids in his arms, coaxed the goats to follow, and hurried around the hill behind which he had seen the wisp of smoke.

There it was—the train ready to go, and his father looking impatiently for him.

Not a word said Axiz about hunger. "No food for a wanderer!" he whispered to himself scoldingly, "I teach myself."

"Ride with me, my son," said his father, "here, on the first camel."

Proudly Axiz climbed into place and the train moved off, the camels making long swaying shadows in the late afternoon sun.

Axiz wrapped his garments tighter around him, to make himself forget his empty stomach, and glanced back at the silken canopy under which he had ridden. Now he was going to work hard and grow to be a man—like his father.





CLUB MOTTO:

*The only joy I keep is what I give away*

Since children are the real Joy Givers, CHILD LIFE is providing them with the Joy Givers' Club. The purpose of this Club is to give joy to the readers of CHILD LIFE and to encourage expression in its members.

Any reader of CHILD LIFE of twelve years of age or under may become a member of this club whether a regular subscriber or not.

This department is composed of original creations by the children themselves.

Short joy-giving contributions in prose, verse, or jingle are welcome. Well illustrated stories are especially desired. All drawings should be done on white unruled paper.

The contributions must be original and be the work of children of twelve and under.

If you know ways to give joy to others, write about it in story form, and send your story to CHILD LIFE. Miss Waldo will give your letters and contributions personal attention.

For further information regarding the Joy Givers' Club write to

ROSE WALDO, Editor

CARE OF RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

536 S. CLARK STREET

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

MY CHRISTMAS GIFTS  
TO YOU

I GIVE the assurance of my  
love,  
On which you can depend,  
I feel much interest in each child  
Because I am your friend.

To each young life I give the hope  
That you may learn to live  
The earnest, loving, useful life  
That simply loves to GIVE

Not gifts of purse or paltry things,  
But service, love and cheer,  
The gifts of purity and truth  
From minds and hearts sincere.

I give to you deep gratitude  
For all your loving praise  
That lifts the burden from my work  
And brightens all my days.

My days so full of much concern  
Of how to give you joy

Through dear CHILD LIFE whose  
purpose is  
To bless each girl and boy.

I promise that no greed of gain,  
Or thought of mine untrue,  
Shall ever enter our Joy Club,  
Love's gift to me and you.

These are my gifts to you, my  
dears,  
And on your Christmas tree  
Please hang a string of loving  
thoughts  
Out of your heart for me.

Your Own First Friend,  
ROSE WALDO

SANTA'S AEROPLANE

I SAW a little aeroplane,  
A sailing in the sky,  
And how the moon and starlight  
twinkled  
As it was passing by!

I noticed it was not an airship  
But Santa in his sled,  
And then I thought it must be time  
For me to be in bed.

And then I ran and got in bed  
And could not go to sleep,  
But closed my little eyelids tight  
And did not dare to peep.

ELIZABETH WITHERS

Age 10 years Columbia, S. C.

Dear Rose Waldo:

FOR my last Christmas present,  
Daddie gave me a year's sub-  
scription for CHILD LIFE. I like  
it so well that he is going to buy it  
for me until I am a big girl. At the  
end of each year he is going to have  
the 12 magazines bound in one big  
book.

Yours sincerely,

JUNE R. GALLAGHER

Age 9 years Chicago, Ill.



## The Glider Rider Brings A Happy Christmas With it

As it has always been, the toys children love most are those that give them an opportunity for the most healthful kind of play. The **Glider Rider**, if included among the Christmas toys will surely increase the happiness of Christmas day.

This sturdy toy develops strong legs, backs, and arms. It fills little bodies full of life and vigor. It supplies the kind of healthful recreation so essential when children are out of doors and the days are cold.

The **Glider Rider** will prove a wise and generous choice, but its cost is practically nothing.

Built especially for tots three to eight years, the **Glider Rider** is close to the ground to prevent accidental tumbles; no sharp edges to tear the clothing; no metal parts to pinch little fingers. Hand-somely finished in rich, live red, with handle and wheels of green. Shipped knocked-down with nails of proper size right in the package. Can be assembled by anyone in a few minutes. A hammer is all you need.

### MAIL THE COUPON TODAY

Nothing gives a child greater delight than to receive a Christmas package through the mail.

Fill out and mail the coupon with \$1.00. The postman will deliver the **Glider Rider** at your door just before Christmas. It is understood that, if, for any reason, I should return this toy within five days, you will refund my money promptly.

If this toy fails to meet your approval, you are welcome to return it.

**American Toy Horse Company**  
Marinette, Wisconsin

American Toy Horse Company  
Marinette, Wisconsin

Please send a **Glider Rider** to my child whose name appears below. \$1 is enclosed with this coupon which pays for the toy in full. It is understood that, if, for any reason, I should return this toy within five days, you will refund my money promptly.

Child's Name is.....

Our Address is.....

City.....

State.....

My name is.....

CL-D

Dear Miss Waldo:

THIS is the dress I wear when I do the Spanish dance. I think I look almost as big as my mother.

I know you like little girls, so I am sending this picture to you.

I am glad to be a Joy Giver.

Your friend,

JEAN O'DONNELL

Chicago, Ill.



JEAN O'DONNELL

### NONSENSE RHYME

THE MOON was home  
One summer night,  
And made her house  
So round and bright.

A little mouse,  
Who saw the sight,  
Went back to bed  
In great affright.

JOHN CRACO

Age 9 years

Denver, Colo.

50¢ Your Name on 100 SHEETS 50 ENVELOPES!

## Christmas Presents!

Your Own Writing Paper

### Parents

No Christmas present could be nicer or more pleasing to your children than personal stationery with their name and address on it.



### Boys and Girls

When you write letters to your friends wouldn't it be fine to have some stationery of your very own—with your name and address printed on it?



### Xmas Gifts

Think how delighted your brother or sister or friend would be to have some stationery, too! Why not order them some for Christmas?



### DON'T FORGET

When ordering your paper, write your name and address plainly, just the way you want it printed. And tell us whether you want the illustration of the artist, the singer, or the girl with the hoop and dog, printed on the writing paper.

HOOSIER PAPER CO.  
DEPT. C - MARION, IND.

**CLIMAX**  
Trade  
Mark

## Child's Play Apron and Bib



CLIMAX children's play apron made of the best quality rubberised percale with mother-goose figures all over it, will delight every little girl and boy. Mother will be glad to get one for you because the apron can also be used as a bib and protects your clothing. It does not crack and is easily laundered. Price 30 cents each.

## Slip-on Baby Pants



CLIMAX pure gum rubber Slip-on Baby Pants are an ideal sanitary protection for baby. Colors: Pink, white or yellow. Sizes: small, medium and large. Price 50 cents a pair, and extra large 75 cents a pair.

## Ladies' Bloomerette

THIS sanitary garment is made to be worn under other bloomers. It is soft and pliable, cool and sanitary and guaranteed not to chafe. Materials used are good grade marquisette and pure gum rubber.

Packed one to box. Come in sizes small, medium and large. Priced at \$1.00

*If these garments are not for sale at your local dealer send us his name and the price of the garments you desire either in stamps or currency. Complete catalog showing full line of women's and infants' sanitary goods sent free upon request.*

**The CLIMAX SPECIALTY CO.**  
1515 Pine St. St. Louis, Mo.

## CHRISTMAS IN THE WOODS

MR. CHIPMUNK was dragging a big sack, which had five nuts in it, behind him. These nuts were for Santa Claus. Every chipmunk in the forest had a sack of nuts for Santa.

Mrs. Chipmunk was putting her children to bed for the night.

"Children," she said, "in the morning you mustn't get up till I do."

"All right, Mother; we won't."

That night they heard a shrill sound of sleigh bells, and the clatter of reindeer hoofs. Everybody in the forest ran to their windows to see Santa Claus. He was very glad to get the nuts; and the chipmunks were very glad to see him.

Santa Claus gave them all a stocking of candy and to Jim Chipmunk he gave the dearest little watch you ever saw. And to Bess Chipmunk he gave a little silk dress, and he gave many other presents to other children.

After Santa left, the chipmunks joined hands and danced around the fire and sang songs of thanks. I don't believe they ever forgot that Christmas.

ELSIE STEARNS

Age 8 years Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I LIKE CHILD LIFE very much. I am a little white girl. But there are little Chinese girls, Japanese girls, Phillipino girls, and Hawaiian girls here. I can swim in the sea in winter. Sugar cane, pine-apples and coffee grow here. We go up in the mountains in summer. We have a little mountain house. I am nine years old. People call Kauai the "Garden Island," because it is so beautiful. We have a horse and sixteen chickens. I like to climb trees. I have two sisters. One is younger than I am and one is older than I am. There are some sand hills on Kauai called the "Barking Sands," because when you slide down them they bark or make a growly noise.

RUTH DONALD



## All Boys Like Patrick Mackinaws

Crisp Fall and Winter days call for warm clothing for youngsters. Patrick mackinaws make a hit with active fellows on account of the warmth they give—and the wear.

Boys take pride in wearing a Patrick, because for years the green-and-black Patrick label has meant long-wearing, comfortable, "Bigger Than Weather" clothes.

There is no other cloth like Patrick cloth. Made of the highest grade, pure, virgin wool "from sheep that thrive in the snow," this distinctive cloth wears and wears in a way that lower standards of materials do not permit.

You can make sure that it's a genuine Patrick by the green-and-black label. Patrick garments are sold at best dealers everywhere.

There is lots about Patrick pure, virgin wool garments that is interesting. Send for new catalog. It tells all about this famous Patrick line.

**"Bigger Than Weather"**

F. A. PATRICK & CO.  
Duluth - - - Minnesota

▲ **Pure Northern Wool** ▲  
*from sheep that thrive in the snow*





SONG OF THE LARK—Jules Breton

This famous painting in artotype, hand colored, with wide margin, \$2.00. Size of picture itself, 13x17.

## Other Famous Subjects

Sistine Madonna	Sir Galahad
Spring	Whistler's Mother
The Angelus	St. Cecilia
Baby Stuart	Horse Fair

Send 15 Cents for Perry Pictures Catalogue



GOLDEN ORIOLE

Bird pictures in natural colors, size 7x9. These pictures enable children to recognize and name the native birds, and awaken an interest and pleasure in natural history study.

## Other Groups of Equal Interest

Animals	Insects
Birds' Eggs and Nests	Fruit
Plants and Flowers	Minerals
Fish	Marine

Set of 25 Subjects, 75 Cents

## The Perry Pictures

Perry Pictures were first published in 1897 and included just two subjects. They possessed artistic merit and great value in educational work and many subjects, covering a wide range, were added. The name Perry Pictures became a household word and the Company has been awarded four Gold Medals.

Send 15 Cents for  
Perry Pictures Catalogue  
64 Pages. 1600 Illustrations  
About 2250 Subjects

The subjects comprising this extensive collection have been carefully chosen and the processes of reproduction are adapted to retain faithfully the true spirit of the original.

The Perry Pictures Catalogue is a guide book to the most famous paintings of the world, reproducing in miniature, 1600 subjects, giving titles and artists' names. Send 15 cents for the Catalogue and three sample pictures.

THE PERRY PICTURES CO.

Box 73

Malden, Mass.

THERE is a little girl,  
She is so sweet  
That everybody loves  
To kiss her on the cheek.  
She loves to read  
CHILD LIFE so gay,  
In fact, she'd rather  
Read than play.  
Her home is on  
Fair Kauai.  
To come and see her  
I wish you'd try.

RUTH DONALD

Kekaha, Kauai

Age 9 years Hawaii



## When baby eats at the table with the "grown ups"

mother's first thought is of a bib. The old fashioned bibs never were just exactly what mothers wanted. They did not protect baby's sleeves.

## TIDY-BIB

is another TIDY product that makes mother's work easier.

The sleeves offer a real protection and the apron is amply large enough to cover baby's dainty clothes and keep them neat and clean.

Just put baby in his high chair. Put his little arms in the sleeves—they are shirred at the wrists to fit snugly—tie the TIDY-BIB in the back and baby can't possibly soil his clothes.

TIDY-BIB is so easy to put on and take off and it's such a splendid protection—especially the sleeves—that it saves many changes of baby's clothes and, of course, make less laundry work.

They are made in flesh and white, pure gum rubber, with either a pink or blue binding. And they are made with the same care and thoughtfulness as our

## HYGIENIC AND SANITARY TIDY-DIDIES

If you cannot get Tidy-Bibs at your dealers send us his name and we will be only too glad to send one to you at the regular price of 50 cents.

THE SANITARY RUBBER  
NOVELTY COMPANY  
331 West Ohio Street Chicago, Ill.

## GOOD OLD MARTHA

MARTHA was a very old woman but she was the kindest old woman in the village of Greenville. Every one loved her, and old Martha loved every one, too.

When the children of the village went to school early in the morning, Martha was always up long before them and had begun getting their lunch ready for them.

Good old Martha, she worked so hard to help others and make them happy! The mothers of all the children did not have to get their children's lunches because Martha always did. You may be sure that Martha gave the children good things to eat, too. She never repeated a single thing, and each child had a different thing in his or her basket.

Every night, too, when the children came home from school, Martha would have some nice fresh butter or some newly baked bread to send to their mothers. But don't think that that was all that good old Martha did, because every Saturday she had a party for all the children in the village and the mothers came to most of the parties, too.

One time she gave a lovely Halloween party for the children. They had scares from the children and Martha took a few children in a room and dressed them up in costumes and they gave some little plays. They also had all sorts of games at which the children won prizes, such as a doll, or a shotgun, or the costume they had

in one of the plays. And when they went home that night they just fell into bed.

When Martha finally died she had her grave in the little churchyard of Greenville where she had wanted it, and the people of the village planted lilies and hyacinths on her grave.

MARGARET FOSTER  
Highland Park, Ill.

Age 11 years

Dear Miss Waldo:

MY sister is writing this for me as I can't write well enough yet. I am five years old. When sister got the CHILD LIFE she was very glad and read some to me. I like Nursery Nuggets, Just Like This, and the Joy Givers' Club best. My teacher in school read a story from CHILD LIFE to us. She helped me make up a verse too. I would like to be a joy-giver. We have bird baths and bird houses where we live.

Love from  
CHARLES SINCERE, JR.

### A KITTY

HAPPY little Kitty Cat,  
She has lots of fun;  
Watch her wash her face and hands,  
Listen to her song:  
"Purr, purr!" till they're thoroughly done.

CHARLES SINCERE, JR.  
Age 5 years      Glencoe, Ill.

Dear Miss Rose Waldo:

I LOVE the book so much. My sister likes it too. I enjoy making the cutout toys very much. I like the story called "Fuzzy Wuzzy's Day at School" best.

HELEN DRAPER  
Age 7 years      Baltimore, Md.

### A CHILD'S QUESTION

BEAUTIFUL sun you are so bright  
Why don't you shine through all the night  
Do the little stars take your place  
In the vast and open space?

ELIZABETH MARCH  
Age 9 years      Brookline, Mass.



ORCHARD HILL  
CAMP extends  
Christmas Greetings to all  
the children who attended  
camp, and also to its  
many friends.

ORCHARD HILL CAMP  
ST. CHARLES, ILLINOIS

## A Nice Breakfast



With what delight Your Child hugs his own possessions. These may reflect good taste and usefulness as easily as utility without beauty

Your CHILD'S Innate Good Taste  
Is Especially Catered to by

## THE KALO SHOP

Among the exquisite articles designed for children, and having appropriate decorations wrought with artistic cunning you will find

SERViette BANDS, PORRINGERS, CUPS, PLATES  
KNIFE, FORK and SPOON SETS, and HOT MILK JUGS

THE KALO SHOP      416 South Michigan Boulevard, CHICAGO, ILL.

## BOYS AND GIRLS

DO YOU remember how delighted you were when the first copy of CHILD LIFE was put into your hands? Didn't you snuggle down in a big easy chair or the corner of the davenport and just read and read until you knew every line of it?

Because we feel sure CHILD LIFE makes you happier when the postman brings it to you every month, we are asking you to help us tell all the other boys and girls in this big country of ours about our magazine.

Haven't you some playmate who never sees CHILD LIFE, or perhaps one who reads your copy after you have finished with it, but who would love to have the magazine for her, or his, very own? Why not go to see the father or mother of this boy or girl and tell how much CHILD LIFE means to you?

Just by doing this it will help you to secure a nice Christmas gift for mother and dad and for big brother and sister—or maybe some little friend. Mother and Dad will enjoy more than anything else a gift which you have purchased with your own money earned all by yourself. Start now while you are little folks to be industrious and thoughtful of others.

So let's get busy right away. Send to us today the coupon below filled out with your name and address and we will tell you more about our plan for you to earn some Christmas gift money. *There are not many more days until Christmas, so don't delay.*

See how many of your little friends you can help make happy Christmas by telling their mother or aunt or some one who loves them, to subscribe for CHILD LIFE for your little friend's Christmas gift.

CHILD LIFE, Circulation Dept.  
536 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

You may tell me more about your plan to help me earn some Christmas gift money. Also please send subscription blanks so I may start to work at once.

Name .....  
Street .....  
City ..... State .....  
Father's or  
Mother's Signature .....

## HILDA'S SACRIFICE

IT WAS St. Nicholas Day in Holland. Hilda Van Gleck took some of her own presents and put them in a pair of wooden shoes. They were for her friend, Annie, a poor peasant girl whom St. Nicholas had forgotten. Hilda put on her warm velvet sack, slung her skates over her shoulder, and went outside to the canal. She put on her skates, and off she glided past windmills, houses and gay throngs of people.

When she arrived at Annie's she could not find her friend; so she put the wooden shoes on the hearth and stole softly out of the cottage.

When Annie saw the shoes she knew that Hilda had brought them. How her eyes sparkled when she found some money in the toe of each shoe and how lovingly she handled the beautiful coral necklace!

When Hilda went to bed that night she knew that she had made Annie happy. Annie knew that Hilda was happier than ever because people are always happy after they have made someone else happy, and that was the way with Hilda.

MARIE ELIZABETH MARTING

East Orange, N. J.

Age 9½ years

## FISHIN'

WHEN I go a-fishin'  
And the water is right,  
I throw my line in  
And I wait for a bite.

And when I get one  
I pull it out,  
I stick it in my basket  
What kind is it? A trout.

ALBERT GEORGE SWING

Age 9½ years Wilton, Conn.

Dear Miss Waldo:

MY sister receives CHILD LIFE every month and she and I read it and we like Just Like This best. We have a horse and his name is Jerry. We ride him all about. My sister will be 8 years old in two weeks.

Yours truly,

ALBERT GEORGE SWING

## In the Morning

### A Warm House for the Kiddies



Children in particular; older people too, are extremely sensitive to changes in temperature. The house should be comfortably warm when they arise in the morning.

### The MINNEAPOLIS<sup>®</sup> HEAT REGULATOR

safeguards health by maintaining a uniform temperature at all times. It raises the temperature in the morning, lowers it at night—all automatically. A fuel-saving modern convenience.

Write for free booklet

MINNEAPOLIS  
HEAT REGULATOR CO.  
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## THE BEST XMAS GIFT



## THREE New Wonderful KIDDIES BOOKS ONE DOLLAR

—POSTPAID—

Topsy Turvy is a new Mother Goose in rhyme, three colors. The Circus Dog is the story of a jealous monkey, a funny clown, and a performing dog, four colors. The Inkydinks is the tale of two little fellows that came out of an inkwell, two colors. The Kiddies will love them.

THE W. M. SCOTT PUBLISHING CO.  
648 Huron Rd., Cleveland, O.

Please send promptly one set of Scott Books, for which I am enclosing \$1.00. I am to have the privilege of returning them if I am not satisfied. Address the package to

Name .....  
St. and No. ....  
City and State .....



## CHILD LIFE

I KNOW the nicest magazine,  
CHILD LIFE is its name,  
It is full of pretty verses;  
How I loved it when it came!

GERTRUDE ENGELKING

Age 6 years Evanston, Ill.

## THE PRINCESS AND THE BRACELET

ONCE upon a time there lived a little girl called Princess Beautiful. Her hair was as fine as cobwebs and as black as the sky at midnight. Her eyes were like fairy violets and her mouth and cheeks like roses.

Her gowns and cloaks and hats and coats were made by the very best of the royal tailors and dress-makers. And you should have seen Her Royal Highness' nursery! Dolls, toys of nearly every description, doll houses made in the likeness of the most magnificent palaces imaginable, dolls' clothes of fine laces, velvets and satins, carriages, books, ponies and dogs, cats and canaries and gold fish almost without number, and every device that the king and the royal amusers could think of that would attract a sovereign's child's attention—all these were there!

But, I regret to say, Princess Beautiful had a very bad disposition. She would stamp her little feet and vow vengeance on all her subjects—and, as she was the king's daughter, no one could reprove her. So Her Royal Highness' will was law. Even the boldest man in the kingdom had an excuse to tremble in his boots, for his head might come off at any moment if the Princess so decided.

And nothing satisfied the Princess. She wanted something new to do—something different! The poor king and queen were nearly distracted with worry over their darling child. Finally, after numberless games had been produced for Princess Beautiful to try, and had been cast aside with disdainful glances or fretful words, they issued a decree commanding one and all



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**MENTAL REVIEWS** are unique intelligence tests in the form of question and answer charts on various educational subjects.

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**OUR SPECIAL OFFER**  
We will forward to any address, charges prepaid, upon receipt of \$2.00 either check or money order the four Mental Reviews on History, Civics, General Information and Geography. If you prefer it you may pay the postman when he delivers the package.

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35 78th St., Woodhaven, Long Island, N. Y.

Please send to the address given below your four Mental Reviews on educational subjects.

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## This Will Delight Any Little Girl!



**SEVEN-INCH Paramount Play Ball,** lettered in GOLD with HER OWN FIRST NAME!

Wonderful bouncer. Made of new, springy, tough rubber. Highest quality play-ball ever made. A handsome, heart-delighting gift for any child.

This WONDERBALL (7 inches Big! — If you laid it on this page, you would hardly see the page!) Postpaid for only

**\$2**

**GUARANTEED to Satisfy—or Your Money Back Quickly!**

Mail the coupon promptly, and print child's first name plainly. Send check or money order.

**RESTEIN COMPANY, 1633 Real Estate Trust Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.**

**RESTEIN CO., 1633 Real Estate Trust Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.**

Here is check—money order—(cross out one) for two dollars (\$2.00). Send me, postpaid, at once—Big 7-inch Play Ball—Football—(cross out the one you do not want).

If ordering the play ball, print child's first name here:

To be put on ball in GOLD.....

Name..... Street.....

City..... State.....

## And What Boy Won't Rejoice at This?



Handsome, strong, full-size, live rubber **Paramount FOOTBALL!!**

Here's months of healthy, little-man-making sport. Any red-blooded boy will shout with delight at getting this magnificent gift. It can't break; not even under 200 pounds of pressure. Wonderful Christmas present!

Postpaid for only **\$2**

# HOLDFAST

Aluminum  
BABY PLATE



## A Practical Christmas Gift for Little Children

**NO GIFT GIVES  
MORE PLEASURE**

**I**T subdues the fighting spirit and saves time and worry for mothers. Children love to use it.

**Clamps fast to the high-chair, tray or table. Baby cannot pull it loose.**

Made of pure, heavy, hard aluminum. Cannot break, highly polished, easily cleaned. Full size, 8 inches.

More than repays its cost in breakages it prevents.

Send \$1.00 and your dealer's name. Shipped on five days' approval, postpaid.

**THE McANULTY CO.**

17 North Wabash Avenue  
CHICAGO, ILL.

100,000 NOW IN USE

of their subjects to bring to the palace, on a stated day, some new toy or amusement with a reward of 100,000 crowns and a dukedom besides, for the one that won the Princess' interest.

On the appointed day the king and queen garbed in robes of state, were in the throne room. The Princess sat on a footstool at their feet, happy, excited and a little cross that the gifts should be so long delayed. Her hair fell in a mass of lovely curls around her shoulders. Her very finest red satin dress, made exclusively for grand and state affairs, with a little red satin cap on her dark hair, and red satin slippers on her feet had been donned for this special affair.

At last, with a wave of his golden scepter, the king summoned the first of the long line of package-bearers. A doll was exhibited, gloriously and extravagantly dressed. Did the Princess like it? Alas, no! In fact she quite turned up her little nose at it. So, sorrowfully, the fond king motioned another forward with his gift.

It was a talking bear with eyes that lighted. After her highness had quite worn out the switch turning it on and off, she decided it was not what she wanted.

So it continued. Nothing seemed to please her. But at the end of the line there appeared a little lady, so tiny that she barely came up to the Princess' shoulder, but so delicately formed that she seemed to be a fairy. She was bearing in her hands a small, worn, very uninteresting looking box. But, when opened, it disclosed a dainty little jeweled bracelet that sparkled and shone like countless little stars. When the princess saw it she exclaimed in delight and admiration. Ah, how the king and queen beamed!

"Oh mamma—papa; that is what I want most of all!" the Princess cried.

"My good woman," said the king hardly controlling his delight, "my good woman, let me examine the ornament, I pray you."

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*for Grade and High  
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day afternoons plat-  
form reading, dancing  
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## A Child's Reading

**D**O YOU realize the tremendous importance of selecting books for young people which will not only entertain but will help to mould character as well? Such books are the famous animal classics, *Black Beauty* and *BEAUTIFUL JOE*, stories which have never failed to hold the children's attention to the very end. They read and love the story of *BEAUTIFUL JOE*, the homely and abused little dog who was rescued and adopted by a sympathetic family. And they read it without realizing for a moment that they are absorbing one of the greatest lessons a child can learn—the lesson of *unselfishness*.

**More than a million copies of  
BEAUTIFUL JOE have been sold**

A story that will never grow old, and one that speaks not for the dog alone, but for the whole animal kingdom. Through it we enter the animal world, and are made to see as animals see, and to feel as animals feel.

## BEAUTIFUL JOE

By Marshall Saunders

has just been revised and re-issued in handsome cloth binding, with colored picture-cover, many illustrations, and charming end papers by Charles Copeland. A beautiful gift book edition for any occasion. If your bookstore can not supply you, order from the publisher, \$1.50 net.

**THE JUDSON PRESS**

1701 Chestnut St.

Philadelphia



The little lady handed the bracelet to His Majesty with a smile and a knowing nod of her head. He turned it over and over in his hand taking a careful survey of each stone and design. Then he handed it to the queen who in turn did the same. My Lord Councilor, and the Minister of the Royal Amusements put on their spectacles and looked at it, then handed it to Her Highness. She exclaimed in rapture over it; she slipped it on and off her arm and watched it sparkle in an ecstasy.

"Tell me the name of this bracelet," she said, turning to the little woman.

"It is called the Bracelet of Good Will. No one can resist its magic powers. You will find great amusement with it, dear little Princess. As for me—I am called Joy-Bringer, the servant of the Great King who sent me—at your service."

She paused a moment, as she looked smilingly at the three, then she dropped a curtsy and sailed airily out of the palace window, leaving the bracelet with the princess.

"Call her back!" roared the king, perceiving she had vanished. "She must have her reward!" The queen clasped her hands tragically and echoed the king's command.

Princess Beautiful sprang up, together with the guards, and rushed to the window calling out, "Come back, little lady, come back!" The guards meanwhile vigorously brandished their spears.

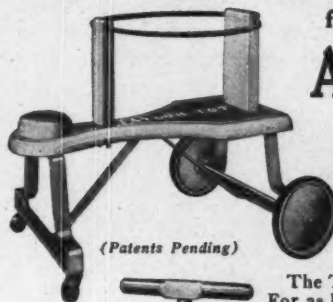
But little Dame Joy-Bringer sailed serenely on, looking back only to smile and wave her hand at the eager little Princess. At last she disappeared into the blue of the sky, and Her Highness turned from the window, the bracelet on her arm. She looked long and searchingly at it then skipped merrily out of the room.

The king and queen turned with one accord and looked at each other, then arose slowly and with stately steps descended from the throne and majestically took their way down the spacious hall amid a company of bowing courtiers.

## The Ideal Christmas Present

for every baby 8-15 months old

### A TAYLOR-TOT



(Patents Pending)



The only baby car made that the small baby can use safely. The front casters prevent car tipping over, and the supporting ring holds baby secure. Builds muscle, and teaches baby to walk.

The TAYLOR-TOT will not be soon outgrown. For as baby grows older, it can be easily converted into a regular Baby Car, by using the extra front wheel and handle, thus adding 2 or 3 years to its usefulness.

It is well built, with wood seat, and steel axle and frame, has rubber tires and roller-bearing metal wheels. Attractively finished in bright red and yellow.

The TAYLOR-TOT cannot be bought in stores. It is only sold direct from the factory to you. This accounts for its very low price.

Mail this coupon to-day, so the car will be sure to be delivered for CHRISTMAS.

FRANK F. TAYLOR MFG. CO.  
Newwood—Cincinnati, O.

I will pay the postman \$3.00 plus postage for the TAYLOR-TOT, including the extra front wheel and handle, when it arrives. If I am not fully satisfied, after 5 days' trial, I will return it, and you will refund my money and postage. I understand you will ship this order the day after it is received.

(Please write plainly)

Dept. L



## Do You Want a Japanese Fairy?

If so fill in the coupon in the corner and send it with \$2 to any bookseller, or the Baker & Taylor Co. for

### STAR DUST FAIRY By Eliza Buffington

A story about the strange fairy a little girl and boy saw one starry night; an exact description of how 24 little children acted, danced and sang that same story so that you can do it too yourselves; beautiful colored pictures of the fairy and photographs of the play, so you can see how they all looked; and a wonderful toy-puzzle like that shown in the picture above, to put together, to play with, and to model in clay or plastelene.

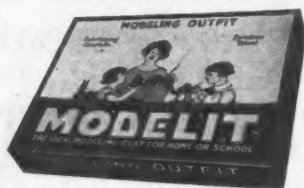
There are only a few, so hurry up and send off this coupon or the other little girls and boys will get ahead of you and then you will never know what a Japanese Fairy looks like or how to dress up like one.

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354 Fourth Ave., New  
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Enclosed find \$2 for which  
please send one Star Dust  
Fairy by Eliza Buffington, book  
and puzzle boxed complete to

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## Teach Your Children To Teach Themselves

**C**LAY Modeling is entertaining and educational. It develops talent. Why not give your children a chance? "Modelit" can be used over and over—it never hardens.

### Complete Outfit \$1.00

Beautiful cardboard box 11x8 inches. Cover in orange and black containing 7 colors of "Modelite" clay, tools, book of designs. Sent postpaid for \$1.00 if your dealer does not have it.

THE PRANG CO., 1922 Calumet Ave., Chicago  
I enclose \$1 for "Modelit" Outfit No. 3, as per "Special Offer" to readers of this magazine.

Name.....  
Address.....  
Name of my Dealer.....

I'm not many months old

but my mother doesn't have to feed me. No, indeed! I can feed myself very neatly, for I use the

## Mary Thomas Baby Spoon



**A** MOST practical gift for a child, for it will teach him to get his food in a tidy manner at a very early age. It will save the floors, rugs, the baby's clothes and the mother's time.

An Entirely new and Unique Shape  
Prevents spilling  
Keeps the Hand away from the Food  
The Handle stays outside the Dish  
even if the Spoon is Dropped over the Food

Heartily Endorsed by Many Mothers

Price, postpaid, \$2.00 in Sterling Silver

Send for Circulars

**EDWARD G. THOMAS**  
1940 Calumet Ave., TOLEDO, OHIO

In the meanwhile, Her Highness ran lightly up the great marble staircase and sped down to her nursery. She burst open the door before the guard appointed for that special duty had a chance to reach it.

She snatched up a doll which had been primly sitting on a chair and examined it carefully.

"Dolly darling, you are to have another mother. How will you like that? A nice little mother—a nice little mother—" Her voice trailed off into a whisper. She tenderly laid the waxen baby down again, and began picking up toys and books and other dolls and arranging them in a neat pile. The charm of the magic bracelet had touched her stubborn little heart and it was with unselfish delight that she gathered her gifts.

The next day in the state coach, wrapped in ermine and furs, she ordered her coachman to a certain street—a street that made him lift his eyebrows in astonishment. The coach rumbled on—past nobles' palaces and poor men's huts—on and on till the streets grew so narrow that the wheels of the coach scraped the sides of the houses and the little children of the street had to retreat to doorways; so dirty and ugly that the princess for a moment felt inclined to order the carriage back to the palace.

At last the handsome steeds stopped and stood pawing the ground. A crowd soon collected with "ah's" and "oh's."

"H't's the Princess 'erself," gurgled one little girl.

"What's she doin' here?" whispered another.

But Her Highness was the very soul of business. She stepped out of the coach and stood among them.

"I've brought you all something," she said. "Some nice things that you'll like. Here, little girl, would you like this doll?" and she held out a great wax baby with huge blue eyes that blinked sleepily at the little maiden who came forward to receive it.

"Oh—Hum-m!" was all she said,

## 4 New Party GAMES My Children Love



NOBLE AND NOBLE—PUBLISHERS—NEW YORK

### Four New Party Games.....50 cents

1. Simple Simon
2. Blue Birds
3. Heart and Arrow
4. Alice In Wonderland

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1. This Little Pig went to market
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1. Little Bo Peep
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3. Jack and Jill
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### Four More New Mother Goose Puzzles.....50 cents

1. Simple Simon
2. Tommy Tucker
3. Little Miss Muffitt
4. Little Jack Horner

These New Games are packed in handsome boxes. Four Games in each box.

### Six New Card Games My Children Love

- The Three Bears.....25 cents
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- Old Woman and Her Pig.....25 cents
- House That Jack Built.....25 cents
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Any of these New Games will be sent post paid to any address upon receipt of price. Write for free catalogue "New Books and Games My Children Love." Mention CHILD LIFE.

## NOBLE & NOBLE

Publishers

76 Fifth Avenue New York

**THE Laura Valentine**  
Quarterly Fashion  
Talks on Frocks and Suits  
for Children are now  
ready. These booklets  
contain charming designs  
and also suggestions and  
instructions regarding  
materials and patterns.  
Miss Valentine will give  
you splendid ideas for  
Christmas party dresses,  
as well as for practical  
clothes.

Send 25c in stamps  
for your copy today

## CHILD LIFE

PATTERN DEPT.

536 S. Clark St. Chicago, Ill.

but she clasped the doll tightly and pressed a kiss on its face.

A book was next given. A doll, clowns, jumping-jacks—all found places in empty hands and childish hearts.

The toys had all been given away and the Princess looked around her in delight. Suddenly she saw a child with great wistful eyes watching the others. She had been forgotten. Instantly the ermine cape of Her Highness was off and around the little one.

"There," whispered the Princess, "You have the finest of all."

Then with a smile and a wave of her hand she was gone, leaving behind a score of happy little faces.

Did Joy-Bringer and the Great King know the joy they brought to one—and many? Never was the once selfish Princess unkind again. The bracelet she wore continually. The good deeds she kept up and, consequently, grew to be a good and beautiful maiden, the pride and joy of her father's kingdom.

HENRIETTA HENKLE

Age 12 years Larchmont, N. Y.

## THE ADVENTURES OF A DOLL

ONE Saturday morning in a window of a store there was a beautiful queen doll sitting on her throne.

On this certain day there was a little girl by the name of Mary. She was a very poor little girl and was looking in the window. My! How she longed to put the doll right in her arms!

Just then a very rich lady went in and asked the price, but when she heard it she only shook her head and said, "My little girl was here one morning and saw the doll."

When the lady came out Mary told her how glad she was that the queen doll was not sold.

On Christmas eve. Santa Claus came and took the doll out of the store. He left it at Mary's house and when Mary awoke she wrote a note thanking Santa Claus.

STELLA M. S. MINER

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

## Give Your House a Chance to be a Home!



L-96—"DON'T BE SCARED"

*A wall without pictures is a barren thing for young imagination to feed upon!*



L-100—"TIM O' THE WILD HEART"

**WHAT** fun for kiddies to be able to see, on their wall, the famous Pau Bransom bear! Or David Copperfield—at the age that kiddies understand!

Send 25c for either of the child studies shown here—size 11x14 inches, reproduced in original bright colors and printed on pebbled paper suitable for mounting. Or send 50c for the Bransom bear in Photogravure, size 12x14 inches, on extra quality art paper. Add 10c extra for catalog showing over 200 other art studies by famous artists. (If all three of the pictures shown here are ordered, the catalog will be sent free.)

COSMOPOLITAN PRINT DEPARTMENT  
119 West 40th Street New York City

But think how much sheer pleasure both grown-ups and youngsters can get from such brilliantly-colored child studies as the two by Jessie Willcox Smith shown here.



L-948—"DAVID COPPERFIELD AND HIS MOTHER"



## THE CALICO TWINS

**AN** ideal gift for little children. Hand painted and nicely made, 10 inches high.

These dolls can be purchased from your dealer or remit \$1.00 and we will forward you the twins POSTPAID.



## REES DAVIS TOY COMPANY

Manufacturers of Soft Dolls, Floating Dolls, Novelty Dolls and Character Dolls

1120-22 West 35th Street Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.



## When They See It They Sew It

**YOUNGSTERS** are interested in Teenie Pollyanna Ready to Make, You Sew It doll clothes sets. These sets consist of a double jointed doll, six garments, needle, thimble, thread, etc., everything complete.

Pollyanna Doll clothes sets can be purchased from your dealer or remit \$1.00 and we will forward you the outfit POSTPAID.

## POLLYANNA COMPANY

Manufacturers of Ready to Make You Sew It Doll Clothes Sets Sewing Sets and Doll Specialties

1120-22 West 35th Street Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.





## The Joycycle

**A**N up-to-date pleasure wheel for children. Equipped with fascinating miniature automobile horn, the JOYCYCLE furnishes an irresistible toy for boys and girls.

This sturdy toy has a pistol grip and one pull of the trigger in the handle shoots forth a delightful blast from the horn.

The JOYCYCLE furnishes an incentive to children to play and romp outdoors where healthy exercise in fresh air and sunshine makes for sturdy boys and girls.

The JOYCYCLE is built of metal throughout with a 12 inch wheel equipped with a half inch rubber tire.

If your dealer does not carry the JOYCYCLE send \$2.00 direct to

**The A. H. FRANKE CO.**  
Manitowoc, Wis.

## NEW AUTO SWING

**ONLY \$1 Complete**  
as illustrated

Automatic swinging—the new safe thrilling sport for children. Swings without effort—the weight of the hands swing the child. Let your boy or girl have the Auto Swing on

**TEN DAY Free Trial**

**A Lasting Useful CHRISTMAS GIFT for Children**



**MONEY BACK GUARANTEE**

If you and your children do not find Auto Swinging to be the most fun they have ever had for one dollar, send it back and we will refund you your dollar. You are the judge! Remember this is positively a

**Limited Time Special INTRODUCTORY OFFER**

and our method of placing this new invention for children in the greatest number of homes in the shortest time. Send us your name, address and One Dollar Bill or money order and we will immediately send you one Auto Swing with the privilege of Ten Day Free Trial and Money Back Guarantee.

As a special inducement during this month We Pay Postage. It is your first, last and only cost! For your kiddies sake mail the dollar and your name and address today!

**AUTO SWING CO**  
HAPPANEE, IND.  
U.S.A., Box 11 CL

Dear Miss Rose Waldo:

I WOULD like to become a member of the Joy Giver's Club as the name suggests happiness to others.

Last Christmas I was living at the Southland Hotel in Dallas, Texas and attending the Fannan school. One day near the Christmas holidays my teacher spoke of a poor family. There were six small children and their father and mother. They were living in a tent on some man's property. The poor old man was in bad health and could not work. The woman was taking in washing. The teachers of that school were going to fix them a Christmas tree.

That day when school was out I fixed up a box. It contained four of my dolls, one pair of stockings, a pound of candy, and several strings of cranberries and popcorn. The next day I gave my teacher the box so that she could put its contents on the tree. The next morning she thanked me very much and said it was very nice of me. That was the first Christmas I ever gave a box to other children but now I shall do that every Christmas.

CAROLYN PATTERSON

Age 10 years Mexia, Texas

Dear CHILD LIFE:

OVER the hills and rocks I go,  
Hunting for little flowers I know,  
Anemones and hepaticas blue,  
I've found your home where you grew!

JOHN ROBINSON TUFTS

Emory University, Georgia  
Age 7½ years

FRANCES

FRANCES was a very poor girl. She was never happy with her things she had. One Christmas a friend of hers at school sent her the CHILD LIFE for a year. Ever since then she has been very happy.

ROBBIE DUNBAR

Age 9 years Kerrville, Texas

## Soft Cuddly Chums for Little Boys and Girls

### LOVEM Bunnies



Lovem Bunnies are bulky little playmates who stand good naturedly the roughest tumbling. They are sturdy little fellows made of soft outing flannel, stuffed with cotton and clad in garments of bright colored materials.

Lovem Bunnies are 17 inches in height and weigh only 12 oz.

Selection of pink, blue, red or yellow garments.  
Put \$2.00 in an envelope with the address of the little youngster you want to delight with a Lovem Bunny. Designate color of bunny garments desired. Lovem Bunny will be sent immediately; post paid.

**LUZIE LOVEM TOY CO.**  
615 Davis St. Evanston, Illinois

## Rock-A-Bye For Baby

Combination Stand and Swing can be placed in any part of the house.

At dealers or by express in time for Christmas. SEND FOR CATALOG of Nursery Supplies.

**Perfection Mfg. Co.,**  
2719 N. Leffingwell, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Swing No. 34  
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Dear Editor:

I WOULD like to become a member of the Joy Givers' Club. I was very much surprised and delighted to find a subscription to CHILD LIFE in my stocking last Christmas morning. I enjoy each new copy more and more. I always look forward to the beginning of the month for then my CHILD LIFE comes.

Very truly yours,  
ALBURTA KIGER

P. S.—The following is a little story that I hope will go into the magazine some time.

### SNOWBALL

SNOWBALL was a little white puppy, and belonged to Jenny Wilcox. One day as Clara Johnson was walking home from school she heard a loud yelping and barking and Snowball ran right in front of her, with a lot of tin cans tied to his tail. Following him were a crowd of boisterous, rough looking boys. Clara saw how frightened the poor puppy was, quickly picked him up, and took off the old tin cans. Just then the boys came rushing up and wanted Snowball, but Clara said, "No! So long as I have Snowball with me, you shall not harm him." She then carried him to his mistress' house and gave the dog to Jenny. Do you not think this a kind thing for Clara to do?

ALBURTA KIGER  
Age 10 years Marietta, Ohio

### A WISH

THERE was once a little girl who wanted a little dog. She cried for it because she did not know how to get it—she was so poor.

So, one day she went to bed very sorrowfully and she prayed, "I wish I had a little puppy dog."

It was Christmas night and she hung up her stocking. In the morning she found candy, cake and a little puppy dog in the midst of it.

SELMA COHEN  
Age 8½ years New York City.

## Plaline Toys for Christmas Fun



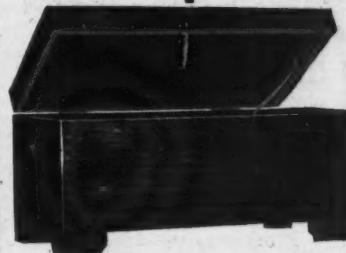
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### Betty K The DIAPANT Girl

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- Is adjustable, allowing for baby's growth.
- Is warm and yet ventilated.
- Is easily laundered.
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Dear Miss Waldo:

I WANT to become a member of the Joy Givers' Club because I want to be good and give joy.

Your little friend,

SELMA COHEN

### A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE

IT WAS the night before Christmas. A small girl stood on the corner. She was trying to sell newspapers. Everybody was in too much of a hurry to bother about a newspaper. Poor little Hilda! She was thinking how she had planned to have a Christmas tree for baby, new toys, and new crutches for poor mother, and a dress. Oh, maybe she could have a new shawl! All these hopes vanished as she looked at the white parcels nearly everyone carried. The money, why, the money must be used for food! She stopped calling the names of her papers. Two tears rolled down her face.

Just at that moment a hard-faced gentleman, who had no thought of buying a paper, stopped at the corner in time to see the two big tears roll down her face. The hardness left his face. He laid a large but gentle hand on her shoulder. "What's the matter, little one?" Hilda jumped. But when she saw the kind face she told him all her troubles. When she finished he said, "Won't you let me help you play Santa Claus?"

"I can not play, sir."

"Why not?"

"I—I have not got the money," she answered timidly.

"Oh, I have. Come with me."

Soon a tree was ordered, and toys, books, and games. And, oh, a lovely new pair of crutches for mother and a new silk dress!

In the morning what a time they had! There were things for Hilda, too. They had a dinner fit for a king, and the gentleman was there, too.

He became so attached to Hilda that it was not long before Hilda, mother, and baby Tom were all living at his house.

HELEN MILLER

Age 12 years East Orange, N. J.

## Do Your Children Surprise You?

THE startling things, good or bad, that your children do are often the direct result of conditions over which you have direct control. In your hands rests the responsibility for developing these inquisitive young minds along the right channels. Good tendencies should be encouraged, bad ones suppressed. It is never too early to start, never too late to mend.

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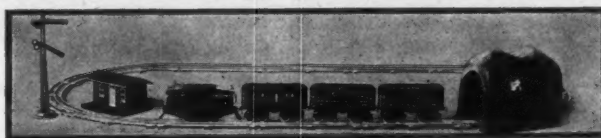


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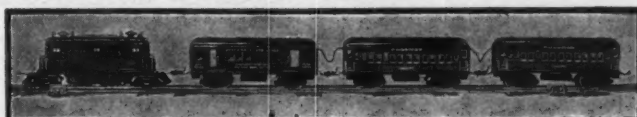


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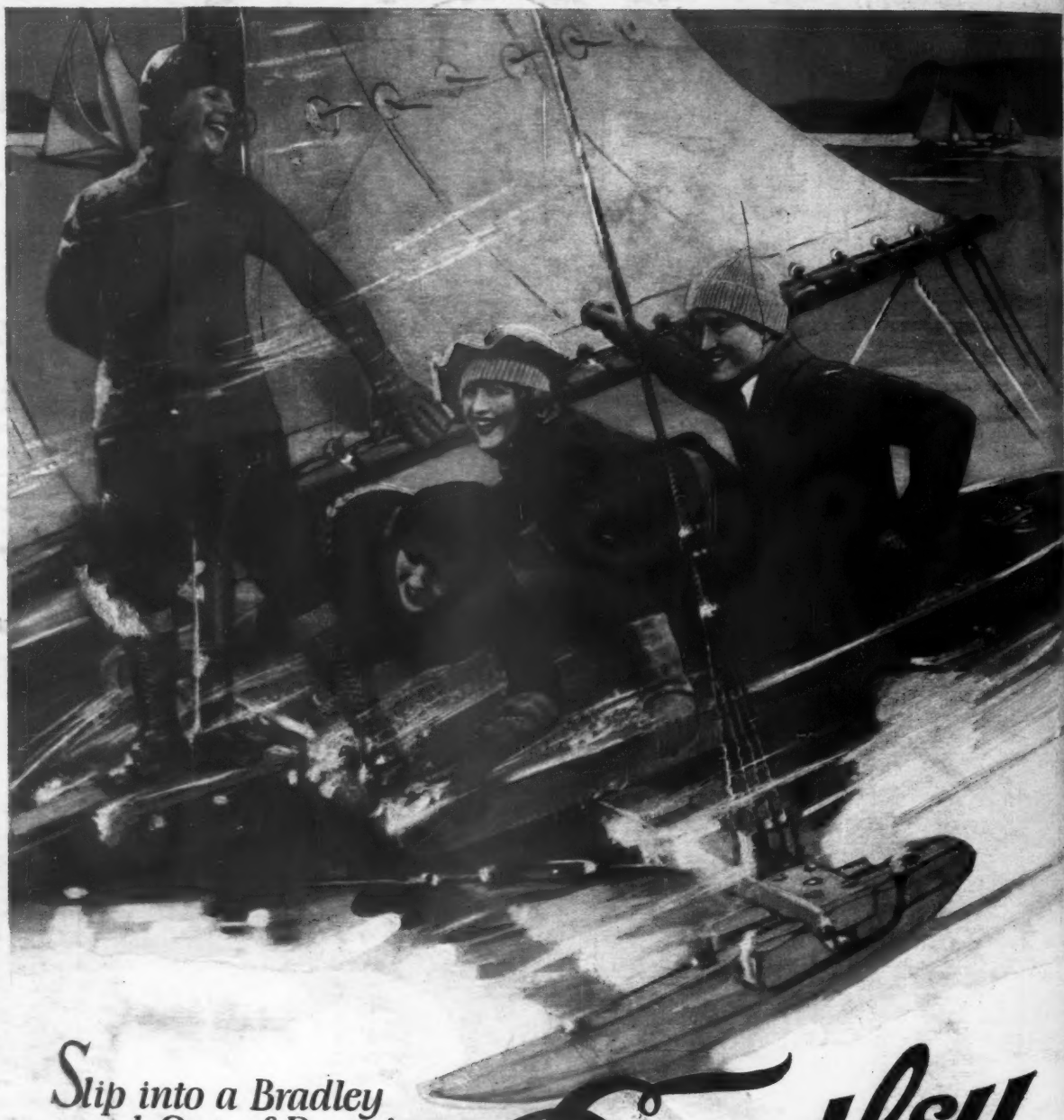
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